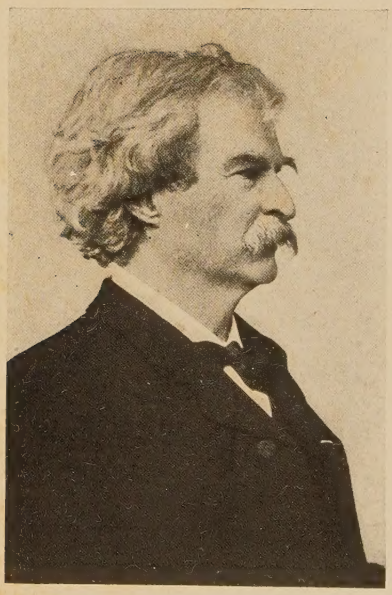
A BOOK OF AMERICAN HUMOR

PROSE



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS
"Mark Twain"

A BOOK OF

AMERICAN
Prose Humor

Being a COLLECTION of Humorous and Witty Tales, Sketches and Stories *composed by* THE BEST KNOWN AMERICAN WRITERS, INCLUDING GEORGE ADE, MR. DOOLEY, BILLY BAXTER, GEORGE V. HOBART, MARK TWAIN, BILL NYE, ETC., ETC.

Duffield & Company

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The Shakers

By

Artemus Ward

(Charles Farrar Browne)

Humorous Prose

THE SHAKERS

BY ARTEMUS WARD

THE Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I 'd hearn tell of 'em, and I 'd seen 'em, with their broad-brim'd hats and long-wastid coats, but I 'd never cum into immejit contack with 'em, and I 'd sot 'em down as lackin' intelleck, as I 'd never seen 'em to my show—leastways, if they cum they was disgised in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swampt in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin' through the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I obsarved the gleams of a taller candle. Tiein' a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail

to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin' individooal, who turned out to be a Elder.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein' sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin' sumwhat like a last year's beanpole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I a thurst, and did I hunger? To which I urbanely ansered "a few." She went orf, and I endeverd to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he said.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bisness — or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there 'll be a mess under foot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It 's onpleasant when there 's a mess under foot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what 's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin' trimmins?"

"Yay!"

I pawsd a minit, and then, thinkin' I 'd be faseshus with him, and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a *yayer* he had no livin' ekal.

He jumped up as if Billin' water has bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin' and sed, "You 're a man of sin!" He then walkt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal bag stuck her hed into the room, and statid that refreshments awaited the weary travler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment

the weary travler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table, and the female in the meal bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin', and for five minutes the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I: "Marrige is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I 'spect?"

"Yay."

"It 's kinder singler," sez I, puttin' on my most sweetest look, and speakin' in a winnin' voice, "that so fair a maid as thow never got hitched to some likely feller."—(N. B.—She was upwards of forty, and homely as a stump fence, but I thwawt I 'd tickil her.)

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I; "they 're raythera important part of the populashun. I don't scarcely see how we could git along without 'em."

By Artemus Ward

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You 'll excoos me, marm, but I don't think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

"I 'm fraid of men!" she sed.

"That 's onnecessary, marm. *You* ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we 're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry, and consekently we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbans. There 's no children here to worrit us. Nothin' to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here. Would thow like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I; "it ain't my stile."

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortably, and leanin' back in my cheer, commenst pickin' my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin' me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door.

"You 're a man of sin!" he said and groaned and went away.

The Shakers

Directly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin' gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal bags like the old one I 'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I suppose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin' enuff to make a man throw stuns at his granmother if they axed him to. They commenst clearin' away the dishes, castin' shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I: "My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar 's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let 's have sum fun. Let 's play puss-in-the-corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

By Artemus Ward

"Wall, my pretty dears, I have n't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they was all like you, perhaps I 'd jine 'em. As it is, I 'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt 'em puss-in-the-corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin' quiet of course, so the old man should n't hear. When we broke up, sez I: "My pretty dears, ear I go you hav objections, hav you, to an innersent kiss at partin'?"

"Yay," they sed, and I *yay'd*.

I went upstairs to bed. I spose I 'd been snoozin' half an hour, when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin' on my elbers and rubbin' my eyes, and I saw the follerin' picter: The Elder stood in the doorway with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin' appeerel on except his night close, which fluttered in the breeze like a Seseshun flag. He sed: "You 're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin' orf with the pretty little Shakeresses mounted on my

Californy Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin' strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville, and that Betsy Jane cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with a panfull of Billin' water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was reddy for me downstairs. Then sayin' I was a man of sin, he went groanin' away.

As I was goin' threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I 'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin' and kissin' like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I: "My Shaker friends, I reckon you 'd better suspend the rules and git married."

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he 's subjeck to fits, and hain't got no command over hisself when he 's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I, "I 've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You 're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.

Arter breakfast my little Shaker frends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we *yay* agin?"

"Nay," they said, and I *nay'd*.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin', as they was to hav sarvices that mornin', so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin' house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers were all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on tother. They commenst clappin' their hands and singin' and dancin'. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin' his time of life; and as he cum a double shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvin' smile, and sed: "Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festive cuss!"

"You 're a man of sin!" he sed, continnerin' his shuffle.

The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He said they was Shakers, and all was ekal. They was the purest and Selectest peple on the yearth. Other peple was

The Shakers

sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin' kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want goin' to stand at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sung agin, and arter they was threw, one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I: "What does it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why, this jumpin' up and singin'? This long weskit bizness, and this anty-matrimony idee? My friends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin' with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a keg of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I 'm sorry to say sum of my New England ancesters used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the Rock of Gibraltar probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet, and don't disturb nobody. For all this I give you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope

away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. (I giv Uriah a sly wink here, which make the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.) You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your hearthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin' it from your doors by them weskits, and meal bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin' to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee that they air fulfillin' their mission here, and air contented. Here you air all pend up by yerselves, talkin' about the sins of a world you don't know nothin' of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve around on her own axeltree onct in every twenty-four hours, subjeck to the constitution of the United States, and is a very pleasant place of residence. It 's a onnatral, onrea-

sonable, and dismal life you 're leadin' here. So it strikes me. My Shaker friends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin' well. Thank you kindly, one and all.

"A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys and onprincipled wax works!" sez Uriah.

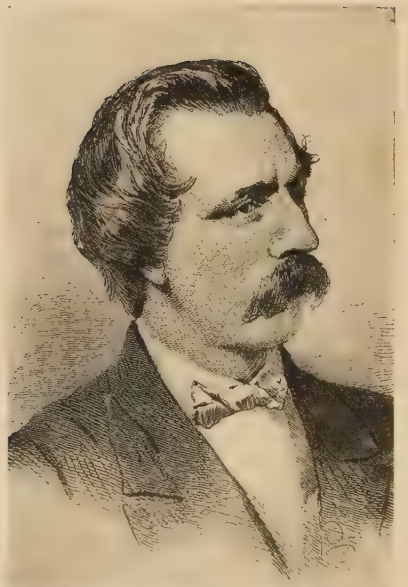
"Hello, Uriah," sez I; "I 'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I resoomed my jerney.

A Business Letter

By

Artemus Ward



Courtesy of John Monroe, San Rafael, Cal.

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE

"Artemus Ward"

A BUSINESS LETTER

BY ARTEMUS WARD

To the Editor of the ———

SIR.—I 'm movin' along — slowly along — down tords your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal — 't would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal), wax figgers of G. Washington, Gen. Taylor, John Bunyan, Capt. Kidd, and Dr. Webster in the act of killin' Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now, Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin' how is the show bizness down to your place. I shall have my hanbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin' stile. Also, git up a tremenjus excitement in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public somhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em

A Business Letter

strong. If it's a temperance community, tell 'em I signed the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery, ef your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conwivIality, & the life an sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin' abowt my show, say my snaiks is as harmliss as the new-born Babe. What a interestin' study it is to see zewol-Ogical animil like a snaik under perfeck subjection! My Kangaroo is the most lafable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxyus to skewer your infloounce. I repeet in regard to them hanbills, that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin' offiss. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yours exactly. I know thay do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectively yures,

A. WARD.

P. S.—You scratch my back & Ile scratch your back.

Oats
By
Josh Billings
(Henry W. Shaw)

OATS

BY JOSH BILLINGS

OATS are a singular grain, perhaps I should say plural, bekauze thare iz more than one ov them.

They gro on the top ov a straw, about two foot, 9 and one quarter inches hi, and the straw iz holler.

This straw iz interesting for its sukshun.

Short pieces ov it, about 8 inches or so, dipt into the buzzom ov a sherry cobbler, with suckshun up the entire cobbler in 4 minnitts, bi the watch.

I never hav tried this, but i kno lots ov young and reliable men who stand around reddy to prove this, if sum boddy will fetch the cobbler.

This suckshun iz sed tew be a ded sure thing.

I hav been told bi a man, who iz a grate traveller, that in the game ov pharaoh, it is the "splits" that win.

If this iz true (reasoning from analogy), I have thought that the splits in the straw mite be in favor ov the cobbler, and agin the suckshun.

Oats

But i aint certain ov this, in fakt i hav lost confidence in most everything, that haz to be proved, since I got so awfully dizzy, about four years ago, trieing to prove to the chaplain ov an engine company, that lager beer waz not intoxikating, but waz full sister to filtered rane water.

If i had time i would relate more about this circumstanse, but i must git back onto oats agin.

I like tew see a man stik tite tew hiz text, if he haz to bite into it to do it.

I should have made a profitable minister az fur az staying with a text iz concerned, for when i git through with a text, yu kant work what 's left ov it into ennything else, not even a rag karpet.

Speaking ov rag karpets, brings mi wife tew mi mind.

Mi wife haz got a kind ov hidraphoby, or burning fever ov sum kind, for rag karpets in the rag, and i don't have but one pair ov clothes at a time on this ackount, and theze i put to sleep under mi pillo, at nite, when i go tew bed.

She watches mi clothes just az cluss az a mule duz a bistander, and i hav told all ov my best friends,

if i am ever lost, and kant be found soon, they may look for me in mi wife's last roll of rag karpet.

But for all this, i love mi wife with the affeckshun ov a parent (she is several years inferior to me in age), and i had rather be rag-karpeted bi her, than tew be honey fugled, with warm apple sass, bi enny other woman. But i must git back onto oats agin. Oats gro on the summit ov sum straw, and are sharp at both ends.

They resemble shu pegs in looks and build, and it iz sed, are often mistaken for them by near-sighted hosses and shumakers.

I don't intend this remark az enny derogativeness to shumakers in the lump, for i hav often sed, in mi inspired moments, if i couldn't be a shumaker, i would like to be a good lawyer.

Oats are a phuny grain; 8 quarts of them will make even a stage hoss laff, and when a stage hoss laffs, you may know he is tickled somewhare.

This iz the natur ov oats as a beverage, they amuze the stummuck ov the hoss with their sharp ends, and then the hoss laffs.

Oats

I hav never saw a hoss laff, but i hav heard that it could be did.

Thare iz a grate menny folks, ov good moral karakter, who won't believe ennything unless they kan see it; theze kind of folks are always the eazyest to cheat.

They wont beleave a rattle-snaik bight iz pizon untill they tri it; this kind ov informashun alwus kosts more than it iz aktually worth.

It iz a middling wise man who proffits bi hiz own experience, but it iz a good deal wizer one, who lets the rattle-snaik bight the other phellow.

The Goddess of korn iz also the Goddess ov oats, and barley, and bukwheat.

Her name iz Series; she is a mithological woman, and like menny wimmen now a daze, she iz hard tew lokate.

Theze mithology men, and wimmin, work well enuff in poetry, whare a good deal ov lieing don't hurt the sense, but when you kum right down to korn in the ear, or oats in the bundle, all the gods and goddesses in the world, kant warrant a good crop.

By Josh Billings

It takes labor tew raize oats, and thrash them out, but ov all the lazy cusses that hav pestered the earth, since Adam waz a boy, the gods and goddesses hav always been tew lazy to swet.

Enny being who haint never swet, dont kno what he iz worth.

I would like to see a whole parcell ov theze gods, and goddesses, in a harvest field, reaping lodged oats, in the month of August, they could n't earn their pepper-sass.

Oats are sold bi weight or mezzure, and are seldum (or perhaps, I may say in confidence, never) sold by count.

Eggs and money are counted out, but oats never.

It would be well for nu beginners to remember this, it would save them a good deal of time on every hundred bushels ov oats.

Time iz sed tew be the same az money; if this iz positively so, Methuseler died rich.

Methuseler waz exactly 999 years old when he died; now multipli this bi 365, which would only be allowing him a dollar a day for hiz time, and yu will find just what he waz worth.

Oats

Oats are worth from 40 to 75 cents a bushel, ackording tew their price, and aint good for mutch, only tew tickle a hoss.

They will choke a goose to deth quicker than a paper of pins, and enny thing that will choke a goose to deth (i mean on the internal side ov their thrut) iz, to say the least ov it, very skarse.

Speaking ov a goose; i hav found out at last what makes them so tuff, it iz staying out so mutch in the cold.

I found this out all alone by miself.

Oats are a very eazy krop to raize.

All yu hav got to do, to raize sum oats, iz to plough the ground deep, then manure it well, then sprinkle the oats all over the ground, one in a place, then worry the ground with a drag all over, then set up nites to keep the chickens and woodchucks out ov them, then pray for sum rain, then kradle them down with a kradle, then rake them together with a rake, then bind them up with a band, then stack them up in a stack, then thrash them out with a flail, then clean them up with a mill, then sharpen both ends ov them with a knife, then stow them away in a granary,

By Josh Billings

then spend wet days and Sundays trapping for rats and mice.

It aint nothing but phun to raize oats — try it.

One ov the best ways to raize a sure crop ov oats, and tew git a good price for the crop, iz tew feed 4 quarts ov them tew a shanghi rooster, then murder the rooster suddenly, and sell him for 25 cents a pound, crop and all.

Our Oldest Inhabitants
—Two of Them
By
Josh Billings

OUR OLDEST INHABITANTS—TWO OF THEM

BY JOSH BILLINGS

JOHN BASCOMB

JOHN BASCOMB iz now living in Coon Hollow, Raccoon County, State of Iowa.

He iz 196 years old, and kan read fine print by moonlite 33 feet oph.

He remembers George Washington fust rate, and once lent him 10 dollars teu buy a pair of kaff skin boots with.

He fit in the revolushun, also in the war ov 1812, likewise in the late melee, and sez he won't take sass now from enny man living.

He iz a hard-shell baptiss by religion, and sez he will die for hiz religion.

He was konverted 150 years ago, and thinks the hard-shell is the tuffest religion there iz for every-day wear. He sez that one hard-shell baptiss ken do more hard work on the same vittles during a hot day than 15 episkopalites.

Our Oldest Inhabitants—Two of Them

He haz alwus used plug tobbako from a child, and sez he lernt how teu cheu bi watching a cow cheu her cud.

He has never drunk enny intoxicating licker but whiskey, and sez that no other licker is helthy. He thinks three horn a day iz enuff for helth.

He haz alwus vited the dimokratik ticket for the last 170 years, and walked, last fall in sloppy weather, eighteen miles to vote for Jim Buchanan.

He haint seen a raleroad yet, nor a wimmin's rite convenshun.

His greatest desire, he tells me, iz teu see Genera! Jackson, and sez that he shall go next year down teu Tennessee teu see him.

He fatted a hog last year, with his own hands, that weighed 636 pounds after it was drest and well dried out. He iz very cheerful, and sez he won 7 dollars on the weight ov this hog, out ov one ov the deakons ov the hard-shell church. He deklares this teu be one uv the proudest acksidents ov hiz life, for the deakon waz known far and near az a tite kuss.

He tells me that for ninety years he haz went teu

bed at just 17 minnits after 9, and has arozen at precisely 5 o'clock the next day.

The fust thing he duz in the morning iz teu take a short drink, about two inches, and then for an hour before breakfasst he reads the almanax. (*I will here state that it is "Josh Billings' Farmers' Almanax" that he reads.*)

I asked him hiz opinyun ov gin and milk az a fertilizer. He pronounced it bogus, and sed that the good old hard-shell drink, *whiskey unadorned*, waz the only speerits that never went bak on a man.

Hiz habits are simple. For brekfast he generally et four slices ov psalt pork, three biled pertatoze, a couple ov sassagis, five hot bisskit, a dozen ov hard-biled eggs, two kups ov rhye coffe, a small plate ov slapjax, sum phew pickles, and cold cabbage and vinegar, if there waz enny left from yesterday's dinner.

Hiz dinner waz alwus a lite one, and he seldum et ennything but sum biled mutton, sum korned beef, sum kold ham, and sum injun puddin' teu top oph with.

Hiz suppers were mere nothing, and konsisted sim-

ply ov kold psalt pork, kold korned beef, kold biled mutton, and, once in a grate while, a phew slices ov kold ham, with mustard and hoss reddish.

I examined hiz hed, and found that he had all the usual bumps in a remarkable state ov preservashun.

He haz a good ear for musik, and whisselled me Yankee Doodle, with variashuns.

He was born a shumaker, but hasn't done ennything at the trade for the last 125 years. He enjoys the best ov health, but just now he is teething, which he tells me iz his seventh sett.

He is a firm beleaver in the Darwin theory, and sez he used teu hear hiz grate-grandfather tell ov a race ov men sumwhar down on the coast ov Florida, who had sum little ov the kaudle appendix still remaining.

On the subjekt ov marriage hiz hed seems teu be ded level. He sed "that he had been married 15 times, and proposed again teu Hannah Campbell, a lady in the naberhood, who waz 28 years old.

I asked him what he thought his chances were for obtaining the lady's hand, and he sed "it lay between him and one Theodorus Whitney, a traveling

korn doctor," and added "if Whitney didn't look out he would enlarge his head for him."

Upon mi asking him what he attributed his immense life and vigor to, he sed, in a klear and distinkt voice:

"To three small horns ov whiskey a day, beleaving in the hard-shell doktering, and voting unanimously the demokratik ticket."

I thankt him very mutch for the informashun he had given me ov himself, and asked him if he had enny objekshun to mi putting it into print, and he manifested a great desire that i should do so, not forgetting teu make special menshun ov what he had sed about enlarging Whitney's hed for him, for he thought that would klear him out of the naberhood.

I left John Bascomb after a deliteful visit ov four hours, and thought over teu miseld if thare waz enny two rules for long life that had been thus far diskovered that waz alike.

The more i thought ov this, the more i wished i could cum akrost Methuseler for a feu minnits, and hear him tell how he managed.

Our Oldest Inhabitants—Two of Them

ELIZIBETH MEACHEM

Lib Meachem (az she iz familiarly called in the township whare she resides) iz one ov the rarest gems ov extenuated mortality that has ever been mi blessed luk teu enkounter.

She iz not so old az Bascomb bi about two years, being only about 194 years old. Next to Lot's wife she iz the best preserved woman the world kontains.

I reached her place ov residence early in the morning, and in one minnit after I told her mi bizzness her tounge had a phull hed ov steam on, and for three hours it run like a stream ov quicksilver down an inklined plain.

I asked her a thousand questions at least, but not one ov them did she answer, but kept talking all the time faster than Pocahontas kan pace down hill teu saddle.

Az near az i could find out she had lived 194 years simply bekauze she couldn't die without cutting short one ov her storys.

I asked her teu show me her tongue—I wanted to

see if that member waz badly worn; but she couldn't stop it long enuff teu sho it.

This woman haz reached her enormous age without enny partikular habit.

She haz outlived every boddy she haz kum akrost, so far, by out-talking them.

The only subjekt that I could for a moment arrest the flood ov her language with waz the fashions; but this was a subjekt upon whitch i unfortunately wan't mutch.

As a last hope ov drawing her out upon sum fakts az teu her mode ov life, i tutched upon that all-absorbing topick teu both old and yung—i refer now teu matrimony.

Her fust husband, it seemed, was a carpenter, and, teu use her own words, "waz teu lazy teu talk, or teu listen while she talked, and so he died."

Her seckond husband waz a pretty good talker, but a poor listener, and, tharefore, he died.

Her third husband waz a deff and dum man, and, az she remarked, "either he or she had got teu die, and the man died."

Her fourth husband untertook teu out-talk her, and died early.

In this way she went on deskribing her husbands, twelve in all.

Az i roze teu depart i sed teu her sollemly:

"Elizibeth Meachem, yu hav been mutch marrid, and mutch an inkosolate widder—at what time ov life do yu think the marrid state ceazes teu be preferable?"

She replied:

"Yu must ask sumboddy older than i am."

The Interviewer
By
Mark Twain
(Samuel L. Clemens)

THE INTERVIEWER

BY MARK TWAIN

THE nervous, dapper, "peart" young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with the *Daily Thunderstorm*, and added:

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"*Interview* you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes."

I was not feeling well that morning. Indeed, my powers seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the bookcase, and when I had been looking six or seven minutes, found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said:

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"Oh, my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?"

"I don't want to spell it. I want to see what it means."

"Well, this is astonishing, I must say. *I* can tell you what it means, if you—if you—"

"Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too."

"In, *in*; ter, *ter*; *inter*—"

"Then you spell it with an *I*?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Oh, that is what took me so long!"

"Why, my dear sir, what did you propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I—I—I—hardly know. I had the Unabridged, and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might see her among the pictures; but it's a very old edition."

"Why, my friend, they would n't have a *picture* of it even in the latest e— My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world, but you do not look as—as—intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm—I mean no harm at all."

"Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, that I am quite

remarkable in that way. Yes — yes; they always speak of it with rapture."

"I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom now to interview any man who has become notorious."

"Indeed! I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?"

"Ah, well — well — well — this is disheartening. It ought to be done with a club in some cases; but, customarily, it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions, calculated to bring out the salient points in your public and private history?"

"Oh, with pleasure — with pleasure. I have a very bad memory, but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory, singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes into a gallop, and then it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me."

"Oh, it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can."

"I will. I will put my whole mind on it."

"Thanks. Are you ready to begin?"

"Ready."

Question. How old are you?

Answer. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty five or six. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious somehow.

Q. It does indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr if you are only nineteen years —

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Well, it is only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise, and —

Q. But, good heavens! If you were at his funeral he must have been dead; and if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it at all. You say that he spoke to you, and that he was dead?

A. I did n't say he was dead.

Q. But was n't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he was n't.

Q. What do you think?

A. Oh, it was none of my business! It was n't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you — however, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask you something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen,

and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (Shaking hands.) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but, somehow, I could n't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing.

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I — I — I think so — yes — but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this picture on the wall? Is n't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it, that was a brother of mine. That 's William, Bill we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why, he is dead, then?

A. Ah, well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That was sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. Buried him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead —

A. No, no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again.

A. I bet he didn't.

Q. Well, I never heard anything like this. Somebody was dead. Somebody was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. That's just it! That's it exactly! You see we were twins — defunct and I; and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned; but we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill; some think it was me.

Q. Well, that is remarkable. What do you think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now,

which I have never revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole, on the back of his left hand; that was me. That child was the one that was drowned?

Q. Very well, then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A. You don't? Well, I do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But, 'sh! don't mention it where the family can hear it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present; and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?

A. Oh, it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the procession all ready to start for the

cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the cemetery, and so he *got up, and rode with the driver*.

. . . . . .

The young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company, and I was sorry to see him go.

Scotty Briggs and
the Clergyman
By
Mark Twain

SCOTTY BRIGGS AND THE CLERGYMAN

BY MARK TWAIN

SCOTTY BRIGGS choked and even shed tears; but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said in lugubrious tones to the clergyman:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand?"

With another sigh, and half-sob, Scotty rejoined:

"Why, you see, we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought maybe you would give us a lift, if we 'd tackle you; that is, if I 've got the rights of it, and you are the head clerk of the doxology-works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said:

"You ruther hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that hand. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've ruther got the bulge on me. Or, maybe, we've both got the bulge, somehow. You don't smoke me, and I don't smoke you. You see, one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send-off, and so the thing I'm on now is to roust out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us, and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them in some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but I grope now. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact unincumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause and more reflection. Then, said Scotty:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You have raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of yourn is too many for me — that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand and gave himself up to thought. Presently his face came up, sorrowful but confident.

"I've got it now so's you can savvy," he said. "What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp. Parson."

"Oh! Why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman — a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind, and straddle it like a man. Put it there!" extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand, and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start fresh.

Don't you mind my snuffling a little, becuz we 're in a power of trouble. You see, one of the boys has gone up the flume —"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume — throwed up the sponge, you understand."

"Throwed up the sponge?"

"Yes — kicked the bucket."

"Ah! has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return! I reckon not. Why, pard, he 's *dead!*"

"Yes, I understand."

"Oh, you do? Well, I thought maybe you might be getting tangled some more. Yes, you see he 's dead again —"

"*Again?* Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No! Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet you he 's awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I 'd never seen this day. I don't want no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I knowed him by the back; and when I know a man and like him, I freeze to him — you hear *me*. Take him all round, pard, there never

was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever knowed Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it 's all up, you know; it 's all up. It ain't no use. They 've scooped him."

"Scooped him?"

"Yes; death has. Well, well, well, we 've got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It 's a kind of a hard world, after all, *ain't* it? But, pard, he was a rustler! You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever drawed breath. Pard, he was *on* it! He was on it bigger than an Injun!"

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight, you understand. *He* did n't give a continental for *anybody*. *Beg* your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss-word; but you see I 'm on an awful strain, in this palaver, on account of having to camp down and draw everything so mild. But we 've got to give him up. There ain't no getting around that

I don't reckon. Now, if we can get you to help plant him —"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it—that's our little game. We are going to get the thing up regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet his funeral ain't going to be no slouch —solid silver door-plate for his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box in a biled shirt and a plug hat—how's that for high? And we'll take care of *you*, pard. We'll fix you all right. There'll be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want, you just 'scape out and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that knowed him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town quiet and peaceable than any

man in it. I 've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes myself. If a thing wanted regulating, he warn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic. Scacely. He was down on 'em. His word was, 'No Irish need apply!' But it did n't make no difference about that when it came down to what a man's rights was — and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic bone-yard, and started in to stake out town lots in it, he *went* for 'em! And he *cleaned* 'em, too! I was there, pard, and I seen it myself."

"That was well, indeed — at least the impulse was — whether the act was strictly defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or acknowledge allegiance to, a higher power?"

More reflection.

"I reckon you 've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather had he ever been connected with any organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interests of morality?"

"All down but nine—set 'em up on the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you 're most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left I hunt grass every time. Every time you draw your fill; but I don't seem to have any luck. Let 's have a new deal."

"How? Begin again?"

"That 's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—I see that; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, say you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He was always for peace, and he would *have* peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something like that, and do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodis' Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday-school. Says he,

'No Irish need apply!' And they did n't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard! He could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whiskey without spilling it than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard—it 'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That 's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why should he shake her?"

"That 's what I say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute."

"Well, some that averages pretty so-so."

"In my opinion the man that could offer personal violence to his own mother ought to—"

"Cheese it, pard; you 've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was drivin' at was, that he never *throwed off* on his mother—don't you see? No, indeedy! He gave her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her, and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, I 'm d—d if he

did n't set up nights and nuss her himself! *Beg* your pardon for saying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You 've treated me like a gentleman, pard, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you 're white. I think you 're a square man, pard. I like you, and I 'll lick any man that don't. I 'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse! Put it *there!*"
[Another fraternal hand-shake—and exit.]

Milling in Pompeii

By

Bill Nye

(Edgar Wilson Nye)

MILLING IN POMPEII

BY BILL NYE

WHILE visiting Naples last fall, I took a great interest in the wonderful museum there, of objects that have been exhumed from the ruins of Pompeii. It is a remarkable collection, including, among other things, the cumbersome machinery of a large woolen factory, the receipts, contracts, statements of sales, etc., etc., of bankers, brokers, and usurers. I was told that the exhumist also ran into an Etruscan bucket-shop in one part of the city, but owing to the long, dry spell, the buckets had fallen to pieces.

The object which engrossed my attention the most, however, was what seemed to have been a circular issued prior to the great volcanic vomit of 79 A.D., and no doubt prior even to the Christian era. As the date is torn off, however, we are left to conjecture the time at which it was issued. I was permitted to make a copy of it, and with the aid of my hired man, I have translated it with great care:

Milling in Pompeii

Office of

LUCRETIUS & PROCALUS,

Dealers in

Flour, Bran, Shorts, Middlings, Screenings, Etruscan Hen Feed, and Other Choice Bric-a-Brac.

Highest Cash Price Paid for Neapolitan Winter Wheat and Roman Corn.

Why haul your Wheat through the sand to Herculaneum, when we pay the same price here?

OFFICE AND MILL, Via VIII, near the Stabian Gate, Only Thirteen Blocks from the P. O. Pompeii.

Dear Sir.—This circular has been called out by another one issued last month by Messrs. Toecorneous & Chilblainicus, alleged millers and wheat buyers of Herculaneum, in which they claim to pay a quarter to a half cent more per bushel than we do for wheat, and charge us with docking the farmers around Pompeii a pound per bushel more than necessary for cockle, wild buckwheat, and pigeon-grass seed. They make the broad statement that we have made all our money in this way, and claim that Mr.

Lucretius, of our mill, has erected a fine house, which the farmers allude to as the "wild buckwheat villa."

We do not, as a general rule, pay any attention to this kind of stuff; but when two snide romans, who went to Herculaneum without a dollar, and drank stale beer out of an old Etruscan tomato-can the first year they were there, assail our integrity, we feel like making a prompt and final reply. We desire to state to the Roman farmers that we do not test their wheat with the crooked brass tester that has made more money for Messrs. Toecorneous & Chilbainicus than their old mill has. We do not do that kind of business. Neither do we buy a man's wheat at a cash price and then work off four or five hundred pounds of XXXX Imperial hog feed on him in part payment. When we buy a man's wheat we pay him in money. We do not seek to fill him up with sour Carthaginian cracked wheat and orders on the store.

We would also call attention to the improvements that we have just made in our mill. Last week we put a handle in the upper burr, and we have also engaged one of the best head millers in Pompeii to turn the crank day-times. Our old head miller will over-

see the business at night, so that the mill will be in full blast day and night, except when the head miller has gone to his meals or stopped to spit on his hands.

The mill of our vile contemporaries at Herculaneum, is an old one that was used around Naples one hundred years ago to smash rock for the Neapolitan road, and is entirely out of repair. It was also used in a brick yard here near Pompeii; then an old junk man sold it to a tenderfoot from Jerusalem as an ice-cream freezer. He found that it would not work, and so used it to grind up potato bugs for blisters. Now, it is grinding ostensible flour at Herculaneum.

We desire to state to farmers about Pompeii that we aim to please. We desire to make a grade of flour this summer that will not have to be run through the coffee-mill before it can be used. We will also pay you the highest price for good wheat, and give you good weight. Our capacity is now greatly enlarged, both as to storage and grinding. We now turn out a sack of flour, complete and ready for use, every little while. We have an extra handle for the mill, so that in case of accident to the one now

By Bill Nye

in use, we need not shut down but a few moments. We call attention to our XXXX Git-there brand of flour. It is the best flour in the market for making angels' food and other celestial groceries. We fully warrant it, and will agree that for every sack containing whole kernels of corn, corncobs, or other foreign substances, not thoroughly pulverized, we will refund the money already paid, and show the person through our mill.

We would also like to call the attention of farmers and housewives around Pompeii to our celebrated Dough Squatter. It is purely automatic in its operation, requiring only two men to work it. With this machine two men will knead all the bread they can eat and do it easily, feeling thoroughly refreshed at night. They also avoid that dark maroon taste in the mouth so common in Pompeii on arising in the morning.

To those who do not feel able to buy one of these machines, we would say that we have made arrangements for the coming season, so that those who wish may bring their dough to our mammoth squatter and get it treated at our place at the nominal price of two

bits per squat. Strangers calling for their squat or unsquat dough, will have to be identified.

Do nor forget the place,

Via VIII, near Stabian Gate,

Lucretius & Procalus.

Dealers in choice family flour, cut feed, and oatmeal, with or without clinkers in it. Try our lumpless bran for indigestion.

All About Oratory
By
Bill Nye

ALL ABOUT ORATORY

BY BILL NYE

TWENTY centuries ago last Christmas there was born in Attica, near Athens, the father of oratory, the greatest orator of whom history has told us. His name was Demosthenes. Had he lived until this spring, he would have been 2,270 years old; but he did not live. Demosthenes has crossed the mysterious river. He has gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns.

Most of you, no doubt, have heard about it. On those who may not have heard it, the announcement will fall with a sickening thud.

This sketch is not intended to cast a gloom over your hearts. It was designed to cheer those who read it, and make them glad they could read.

Therefore I would have been glad if I could have spared them the pain which this sudden breaking of the news of the death of Demosthenes will bring. But it could not be avoided. We should remember

the transitory nature of life, and when we are tempted to boast of our health, and strength, and wealth, let us remember the sudden and early death of Demosthenes.

Demosthenes was not born an orator. He struggled hard, and failed many times. He was homely, and he stammered in his speech; but before his death they came to him for hundreds of miles to get him to open their county fairs, and jerk the bird of freedom bald-headed on the Fourth of July.

When Demosthenes's father died, he left fifteen talents to be divided between Demosthenes and his sister. A talent is equal to about $1,000. I often wish I had been born a little more talented.

Demosthenes had a short breath, a hesitating speech, and his manners were very ungraceful. To remedy his stammering, he filled his mouth with pebbles and howled his sentiments at the angry sea. However, Plutarch says that Demosthenes made a gloomy fizzle of his first speech. This did not discourage him. He finally became the smoothest orator in that country, and it was no uncommon thing for him to fill the First Baptist Church of Athens full. There are now

sixty of his orations extant, part of them written by Demosthenes and part of them written by his private secretary.

When he started in, he was gentle, mild, and quiet in his manner; but later on, carrying his audience with him, he at last became enthusiastic. He thundered, he roared, he whooped, he howled, he jarred the windows, he sawed the air, he split the horizon with his clarion notes, he tipped over the table, kicked the lamps out of the chandeliers, and smashed the big bass viol over the chief fiddler's head.

Oh, Demosthenes was business when he got started. It will be a long time before we see another off-hand speaker like Demosthenes, and I, for one, have never been the same man since I learned of his death.

"Such was the first of orators," says Lord Brougham. "At the head of all the mighty masters of speech, the adoration of ages has consecrated his place, and the loss of the noble instrument with which he forged and launched his thunders is sure to maintain it unapproachable forever."

I have always been a great admirer of the oratory of Demosthenes, and those who have heard both of

us think there is a certain degree of similarity in our style.

And not only did I admire Demosthenes as an orator, but as a man; and, though I am no Vanderbilt, I feel as though I would be willing to head a subscription list for the purpose of doing the square thing by his sorrowing wife, if she is left in want, as I understand that she is.

I must now leave Demosthenes and pass on rapidly to speak of Patrick Henry.

Mr. Henry was the man who wanted liberty or death. He preferred liberty, though. If he could n't have liberty, he wanted to die, but he was in no great rush about it. He would like liberty, if there was plenty of it; but if the British had no liberty to spare, he yearned for death. When the tyrant asked him what style of death he wanted, he said that he would rather die of extreme old age. He was willing to wait, he said. He did n't want to go unprepared, and he thought it would take him eighty or ninety years more to prepare, so that when he was ushered into another world he would n't be ashamed of himself.

One hundred and ten years ago Patrick Henry said:

By Bill Nye

"Sir, our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come. I repeat it, sir, let it come!"

In the spring of 1860 I used almost the same language. So did Horace Greeley. There were four or five of us who got our heads together and decided that the war was inevitable, and consented to let it come.

Then it came. Whenever there is a large, inevitable conflict loafing around waiting for permission to come, it devolves on the great statesmen and bald-headed *literati* of the nation to avoid all delay. It was so with Patrick Henry. He permitted the land to be deluged with gore, and then he retired. It is the duty of the great orator to howl for war, and then hold some other man's coat while he fights.

My Mine
By
Bill Nye

MY MINE

BY BILL NYE

I HAVE decided to sacrifice another valuable piece of mining property this spring. It would not be sold if I had the necessary capital to develop it. It is a good mine, for I located it myself. I remember well the day that I climbed up on the ridge-pole of the universe, and nailed my location notice to the eaves of the sky.

It was in August that I discovered the Vanderbilt claim in a snow-storm. It cropped out apparently a little southeast of a point where the arc of the orbit of Venus bisects the Milky Way, and ran due east eighty chains, three links, and a swivel, thence south fifteen paces and a half to a blue spot in the sky, thence proceeding west eighty chains, three links of sausage and a half to a fixed star, thence north across the lead to place of beginning.

The Vanderbilt set out to be a carbonate deposit, but changed its mind. I sent a piece of the cropping

to a man over in Salt Lake, who is a good assayer and quite a scientist, if he would brace up and avoid humor. His assay read as follows, to-wit:

SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., August 25, 1877.

MR. BILL NYE: Your specimen of ore, No. 35832, current series, has been submitted to assay, and shows the following result:

Metal.	Ounces.	Value per ton.
Gold	—	—
Silver	—	—
Railroad Iron	1	—
Pyrites of poverty	9	—
Parasites of disappointment	90	—

MCVICKER, Assayer.

NOTE.—I also find that the formation is igneous, prehistoric, and erroneous. If I were you I would sink a prospect shaft below the vertical slide where the old red brimstone and preadamite slag crosscut the malachite and intersect the schist. I think that would be schist about as good as anything you could do. Then send me specimens, with $2 for assay, and we shall see what we shall see.

Well, I did n't know he was "an humorist," you see, so I went to work on the Vanderbilt to try to do what Mac. said. I sank a shaft and everything else I could get hold of on that claim. It was so high that we had to carry water up there to drink when

we began, and before fall we had struck a vein of the richest water you ever saw. We had more water in that mine than the regular army could use.

When we got down sixty feet I sent some pieces of the pay streak to the assayer again. This time he wrote me quite a letter, and at the same time inclosed the certificate of assay.

SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., October 3, 1877.

MR. BILL NYE: Your specimen of ore, No. 36132, current series, has been submitted to assay, and shows the following result:

Metal.	Ounces.	Value per ton.
Gold	——	——
Silver	——	——
Stove Polish	trace	.01
Old Gray Whetstone	trace	.01
Bromide of Axle Grease	stain	——
Copperas	trace	5c. worth
Blue Vitriol	trace	5c. worth

MCVICKER, Assayer.

In the letter he said there was, no doubt, something in the claim if I could get the true contact with calcimine walls denoting a true fissure. He thought I ought to run a drift. I told him I had already run adrift.

Then he said to stope out my stove polish ore, and sell it for enough to go on with the development. I

tried that, but capital seemed coy. Others had been there before me, and capital bade me soak my head, and said other things which grated harshly on my sensitive nature.

The Vanderbilt mine, with all its dips, spurs, angles, variations, veins, sinuosities, rights, titles, franchises, prerogatives, and assessments now for sale. I sell it in order to raise the necessary funds for the development of the Governor of North Carolina. I had so much trouble with water in the Vanderbilt, that I named the new claim the Governor of North Carolina, because he was always dry.

Samantha at Saratoga

By

Josiah Allen's Wife

(Marietta Holley)

MARIETTA HOLLEY
"Josiah Allen's Wife"

SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA

THE idee on't come to me one day about sundown, or a little before sundown. I was a settin' in calm peace, and a big rockin' chair covered with a handsome copperplate, a readin' what the Sammist says about "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." The words struck deep, and as I said, it was jest that very minute that the idee struck me about goin' to Saratoga. Why I should have had the idee jest at that minute I can't tell, nor Josiah can't. We have talked about it sense.

But good land! such creeters as thoughts be never wuz, nor never will be. They will creep in, and round, and over everything, and get inside your mind (entirely unbeknown to you) at any time. Curious, hain't it? How you may try to hedge 'em out, and shet the doors and everything. But they will creep up into your mind, climb up and draw up their ladders, and there they will be, and stalk round independent as if they owned your hull head; curious!

Well, there the idee wuz—I never knew nothin' about it, nor how it got there. But there it wuz, lookin' me right in the face of my soul, kinder pert and saucy, sayin', "You 'd better go to Saratoga next summer; you and Josiah."

But I argued with it. Sez I: "What should we go to Saratoga for? None of the relations live there on my side, or on hisen; why should we go?"

But still that idee kep' hantin' me; "You 'd better go to Saratoga next summer, you and Josiah." And it whispered, "Mebby it will help Josiah's corns." (He is dretful troubled with corns.) And so the idee kep' a naggin' me; it nagged me for three days and three nights before I mentioned it to my Josiah. And when I did, he scorfed at the idee. He said, "The idee of water curing them dumb corns—"

Sez I, "Josiah Allen, stranger things have been done." Sez I, "That water is *very* strong. It does wonders."

And he scorfed again, and sez, "Don't you believe faith could cure 'em?"

Sez I, "If it wuz strong enough it could."

But the thought kep' a naggin' me stiddy, and then

—here is the curious part of it—the thought nagged me, and I nagged Josiah; or, not exactly nagged, not a clear nag; I despise them, and always did. But I kinder kep' it before his mind from day to day, and from hour to hour. And the idee would keep a tellin' me things, and I would keep a tellin' 'em to my companion. The idee would keep a sayin' to me: "It is one of the most beautiful places in our native land. The waters will help you, the inspirin' music, and elegance and gay enjoyment you will find there, will sort a uplift you. You had better go there on a tower"; and again it sez, "Mebby it will help Josiah's corns."

And old Dr. Gale a happenin' in about that time, I asked him about it. (He doctored me when I was a baby, and I have helped 'em for years. Good old creetur, he don't get along as well as he ort to. Loontown is a healthy place.) I told him about my strong desire to go to Saratoga, and I asked him plain if he thought the water would help my partner's corns. And he looked dredful wise, and he riz up and walked across the floor 2 and fro several times, probably 3 times to, and the same number of times fro, with his

arms crossed back under the skirt of his coat, and his eyebrows knit in deep thought, before he answered me. Finely he said that modern science had not fully demonstrated yet the direct bearing of water on corn. In some cases it might, and probably did, stimulate 'em to greater luxuriance, and then again a great flow of water might retard their growth.

Sez I, anxiously, "Then you 'd advise me to go there with him?"

"Yes," sez he, "on the hull, I advise you to go."

Them words I reported to Josiah, and sez I, in anxious axents, "Dr. Gale advises u to go."

And Josiah sez, "I guess I sha'n't mind what that old fool sez."

Them wuz my partner's words, much as I hate to tell 'em. But from day to day I kep' it stiddy before him, how dang'r'us it was to go ag'inst a doctor's advice. And from day to day he would scorf at the plan. And I, ev'ry now and then, and mebby oftener, would get him an extra good meal, and attack him on the subject immegatly afterwards. But all in vain. And I see that when he had that immovible sotness onto him, one extra meal would n't

soften or molify him. No, I see plain I must make a more voyalent effort. And I made it. For three stiddy days I put before that man the best vittles that these hands could make, or this brain could plan.

And at the end of the third day I gently tackled him agin on the subject, and his state wuz such, bland, serene, happified, that he consented without a parlay. And so it wuz settled that the next summer we wuz to go to Saratoga. And he began to count on it, and make preparation in a way that I hated to see.

Yes, from the very minute our two minds wuz made up to go to Saratoga Josiah Allen wuz set on havin' sunthin' new and uneek in the way of dress and whiskers. I looked coldly on the idee of puttin' a gay stripe down the legs of the new pantaloons I made for him, and broke it up, also a figured vest. I went through them two crisises and came out triumphant.

Then he went and bought a new bright pink necktie, with broad long ends, which he intended to have float out down the front of his vest. And I immegatly took it for the light colored blocks in my

silk log-cabin bed-quilt. Yes, I settled the matter of that pink neck-gear with a high hand and a pair of shears. And Josiah sez now that he bought it for that purpose, for the bed-quilt, because he loves to see a dressy quilt—sez he always enjoys seein' a cabin look sort o' gay. But good land! he did n't. He intended and calculated to wear that necktie into Saratoga—a sight for men and angels—if I had n't broke it up.

But in the matter of whiskers, there I wuz powerless. He trimmed 'em (unbeknown to me) all off the side of his face, them good, honerable side whiskers of hisen, that had stood by him for years in solemnity and decency, and begun to cultivate a little patch on the end of his chin. I argued with him, and talked well on the subject, elequent, but it wuz of no use, I might as well have argued with the wind in March.

He said he wuz bound on goin' into Saratoga with a fashionable whisker, come what would.

And then I sithed, and he sez: "You have broke up my pantaloons, my vest, and my necktie; you have ground me down onto plain broadcloth, but in

the matter of whiskers, I am firm! Yes," sez he, "on these whiskers I take my stand!"

And agin I sithed heavy, and I sez in a dretful impressive way, as I looked on 'em, "Josiah Allen, remember you are a father and a grandfather!"

And he sez firmly, "If I wuz a great-grandfather I would trim my whiskers in jest this way; that is, if I wuz a goin' to set up to be fashionable and a goin' to Saratoga for my health."

And I groaned kinder low to myself, and kep' hopin' that mebby they would n't grow very fast, or that some axident would happen to 'em, that they would get afire or sunthin'. But they did n't. And they grew from day to day luxurient in length, but thin. And his watchful care kep' 'em from axident, and I wuz too high princepled to set fire to 'em when he wuz asleep, though sometimes, on a moonlight night, I wuz tempted to, sorely tempted.

But I did n't, and they grew from day to day, till they wuz the curiusest lookin' patch o' whiskers that I ever see. And when we sot out for Saratoga, they wuz jest about as long as a shavin' brush, and looked some like one. There wuz no look of a class-leader

and a perfesser about 'em, and I told him so. But he worshiped 'em, and gloried in the idee of goin' afar to show 'em off.

But the neighbors received the news that we wuz goin' to a waterin' place coldly, or with ill-concealed envy.

Uncle Jonas Bentley told us he should n't think we 'd want to go round to waterin' troughs at our age.

And I told him it wuz n't a waterin' trough, and if it wuz, I thought our age wuz jest as good a one as any, to go to it.

He had the impression that Saratoga was a immense waterin' trough where the country all drove themselves summers to be watered. He is deef as a hemlock post, and I yelled up at him jest as loud as I dast for fear of breakin' open my own chest, that the water got into us, instid of our gettin' into the water, but I did n't make him understand, for I hearn afterwards of his sayin' that, as nigh as he could make out, we all got into the waterin' trough and wuz watered.

The school teacher, a young man with long,

small lims, and some pimply on the face, but well meanin', he sez to me, "Saratoga is a beautiful spah."

And I sez warmly: "It ain't no such thing, it is a village, for I have seen a peddler who went right through it, and watered his horses there, and he sez it is a waterin' place, and a village."

"Yes," sez he, "it is a beautiful village, a modest, retiren city, and at the same time it is the most noted spah on this continent."

I would n't contend with him, for it wuz on the stoop of the meetin' house, and I believe in bein' reverent. But I knew it wuz n't no "spah"—that had a dreadful flat sound to me. And any way, I knew I should face its realities soon, and know all about it. Lots of wimen said that for anybody who lived right on the side of a canal, and had two good cisterns on the place, and a well, they did n't see why I should feel in a sufferin' condition for any more water; and if I did, why did n't I ketch rain-water?

Such wuz some of the deep arguments they brung up against my embarkin' on this enterprise; they talked about it sights and sights—why, it lasted the

neighbors for a stiddy conversation till along about the middle of the winter. Then the minister's wife bought a new alpacky dress—unbeknown to the church till it wuz made up—and that kind o' drawed their minds off o' me for a spell.

Aunt Polly Pixley wuz the only one who received the intelligence gladly. And she thought she would go, too. She had been kinder run down, and most bed-rid for years. And I encouraged Aunt Polly in the idee, for she wuz well off. Yes, Mr. and Miss Pixley wuz very well off, though they lived in a little mite of a dark, low, lonesome house, with some tall Pollard willows in front of the door in a row, and jest across the road from a graveyard.

Her husband had been close, and wuz n't willin' to have any other luxury or means of recreation in the house only a bass viol that had been his father's—he used to play on that for hours and hours. I thought that wuz one reason why Polly wuz so nervous. I said to Josiah that it would have killed me outright to have that low grumblin' goin' on from day to day, and to look at them tall lonesome willows and grave stuns.

But, howsumever, Polly's husband had died durin'

the summer, and Polly parted with the bass viol the day after the funeral. She got out some now, and wuz quite wrought up with the idee of goin' to Saratoga.

But Sister Minkley, sister in the church, and sister-in-law by reason of Whitefield, sez to me, that she should think I would think twice before I danced and waltzed round waltzes.

And I sez, "I hain't thought ov doin' it; I hain't thought ov dancin' round or square or any other shape."

Sez she, "You have got to, if you go to Saratoga."

Sez I, "Not while life remains in this frame."

And old Miss Bobbet came up that minute—it wuz in the store that we were a talkin'—and sez she, "It seems to me, Josiah Allen's wife, that you are too old to wear low-necked dresses and short sleeves."

"And I should think you'd take cold a goin' bearheaded," sez Miss Luman Spink, who wuz with her.

Sez I, lookin' at 'em coldly, "Are you lunys, or has softness begun on your brains?"

"Why," sez they, "you are talkin' about goin' to Saratoga, hain't you?"

"Yes," sez I.

"Well, then, you have got to wear 'em," says Miss Bobbet. "They don't let anybody inside ov the incorporation without they have got on a low-necked dress and short sleeves."

"And bear-headed," says Miss Spink; "if they have got a thing on their heads they won't let 'em in."

Sez I, "I don't believe it."

Sez Miss Bobbet: "It is so, for I hearn it, and hearn it straight. James Bobbet's wife's sister had a second cousin that lived neighbor to a woman whose niece had been there; been right there on the spot. And Celestine Bobbet, Uncle Ephraim's Celestine, hearn it from James's wife when she wuz up there last spring; it come straight. They all have to go in low-necks."

"And not a mite of anything on their heads," says Miss Spink.

Sez I, in sarcasticle axents, "Do men have to go in low-necks, too?"

"No," says Miss Bobbet, "but they have to have the tails of their coats kinder pinted. Why," sez she, "I hearn of a man that got clear to the incorporation, and they wouldn't let him in because his coat kinder rounded off round the bottom; so he went out by the side of the road, and pinned up his coat-tails into a sort of a pinted shape, and good land! the incorporation let him right in, and never said a word."

I contended that these things wuz n't so, but I found it wuz the prevailin' opinion. For when I went to see the dressmaker about makin' me a dress for the occasion, I see she felt just like the rest about it. My dress wuz a good black alpacky. I thought I would have it begun along in the edge of the winter, when she did n't have so much to do, and also to have it done on time. We laid out to start on the follerin' July, and I felt that I wanted everything ready.

I bought the dress the 7th day of November, early in the forenoon, the next day after my pardner consented to go, and gave 65 cents a yard for it, double wedth. I thought I could get it done on time; dressmakers are drove a good deal. But I felt that a

dressmaker could commence a dress in November and get it done the follerin' July, without no great strain bein' put onto her; and I am fur from bein' the one to put strains onto wimmen, and hurry 'em beyend their strength. But I felt Alminy had time to make it on honor and with good buttonholes.

"Well," she sez, the first thing after she had unrolled the alpacky, and held it up to the light to see if it wuz firm, sez she, "I s'pose you are goin' to have it made with a long train, and low neck, and short sleeves, and the waist all girted down to a taper?"

I wuz agast at the idee, and to think Alminy should broach it to me, and I give her a piece of my mind that must have lasted her for days and days. It wuz a long piece, and firm as iron. But she is a woman who likes to have the last word, and carry out her own idees, and she insisted that nobody wuz allowed in Saratoga—that they wuz outlawed, and laughed at—if they did n't have trains, and low necks, and little mites of waists no bigger than pipe-stems.

Sez I, "Alminy Hagidone, do you s'pose that I,

a woman of my age; and a member of the meetin' house, am a goin' to wear a low-necked dress?"

"Why not?" sez she; "it is all the fashion, and wimmen as old agin as you be wear 'em."

"Well," sez I, "it is a shame and a disgrace if they do, to say nothin' of the wickedness of it. Who do you s'pose wants to see their old skin and bones? It hain't nothin' pretty anyway. And as fer the waists bein' all girted up and drawed in, that is nothin' but crushed bones and flesh and vitals, that is just crowdin' doen your insides into a state of disease and deformity, torturin' your lungs so 's you can't breathe, it is nothin' but slow murder anyway, and if I ever take it into my head to kill myself, Alminy Hagidone, I hain't a goin' to do it in a way of perfect torture and torment to me; I 'd ruther be drownded."

She quailed, and I sez, "I am one that is goin' to take good long breaths to the very last." She see I wuz like iron aginst the idee of bein' drawed in, and tapered, and she desisted. I s'pose I did look skairful. But she seemed still to cling to the idee of low necks and trains, and she sez, sort of rebukinly:

"You ortn't to go to Saratoga if you hain't willin' to do as the rest do. I s'pose," sez she, dreamily, "the streets are full of wimmen a walkin' up and down with long trains a hangin' down and sweepin' the streets, and ev'ry one on 'em with low necks and short sleeves, and all on 'em a flirtin' with some man."

"Truly," sez I, "if that is so, that is why the idee come to me. I am *needed* there. I have a high mission to perform about. But I don't believe it is so."

"Then you won't have it made with a long train?" sez she, a holdin' up a breadth of the alpacky in front of me to measure the skirt.

"No mom!" sez I, and there wuz both dignity and deep resolve in that 'mom.' It wuz as stern and firm-principled a 'mom' as I ever see, though I say it that should n't. And I see it skairt her. She measured off the breadths kinder trembly, and seemed so anxious to pacify me that she got it a leetle shorter in the back than it wuz in the front. And (for the same reason) it fairly choked me in the neck, it wuz so high, and the sleeves wuz that long that I told

Josiah Allen (in confidence) I wuz tempted to knit some loops across the bottom of 'em and wear 'em for mits.

But I did n't, and I did n't change the dress, neither. Thinkses I, mebby it will have a good moral effect on them other old wimmen there. Thinkses I, when they see another woman melted and shortened and choked fur principle's sake, mebby they will pause in their wild careers.

Wall, this wuz in November, and I wuz to have the dress, if it wuz a possible thing, by the middle of April, so 's to get it home in time to sew some lace in the neck. And so havin' everything settled about goin' I wuz calm in my frame most all the time, and so wuz my pardner.

And right here, let me insert this oue word of wisdom for the special comfort of my sect, and yet it is one that may well be laid to heart by the more opposite one. If your pardner gets restless and oneasy, and middlin' cross, as pardners will be anon, or even oftener, start 'em off on a tower. A tower will in nine cases out of ten lift 'em out of their oneasiness, their restlessness, and their crossness.

Why this is so I cannot tell, no more than I can explain other mysteries of creation, but I know it is so. I know they will come home more placider, more serener, and more settled-downer. Why I have known a short tower to Slab City or Loontown act like a charm on my pardner, when crossness wuz in his mean, and snappishness wuz present with him. I have known him to set off with the mean of a lion and come back with the liniment of a lamb. Curious, hain't it?

And jest the prospect of a tower ahead is a great help to a woman in rulin' and keepin' a pardner straight and right in his liniments and his acts. Somehow jest the thought of a tower sort a lifts him up in mind, and happifys him, and makes him easier to quell, and pardners must be quelled at times, else there would be no livin' with 'em. This is known to all wimmen companions; and men, too. Great is the mystery of pardners.

Chimmie Meets
the Duchess
By
E. W. Townsend

CHIMMIE MEETS THE DUCHESS

BY E. W. TOWNSEND

"SAY, me name 's Dennis, an' not Chimmie Fadden, if dem folks up dere ain't got boodle ter burn a wet dog wid. Sure, boodle ter burn a wet dog wid. I 'm tellin' yer, and dat 's right. See?

"Say, dey makes it dere own selves. Naw, I ain't stringin' yer. It 's right. How? Listen: Miss Fannie she sent fer me, an' she was writin', she was, in a little book, an' when she writ a page she teared it out an' pinned it on a bill.

"'Here, Chames,' she saus ter me, she says, 'here, Chames, take dese bills and pay dem,' she says.

"'Wot t'ell will I pay dem wid, Miss Fannie?' I says; like dat, 'Wot t'ell will I pay dem wid?' I says. See?

"Say, wot der ye tink she says? She says, says she, 'Pay dem wid de checks, Chames,' she says.

See? 'Dere 's a check pinned on every bill,' she says.

"Say, I taut she was stringin' me; but I tinks ter meself, if she wants ter string me, it goes. See? Wot Miss Fannie does goes, wedder it makes me look like a farmer or not. Dat 's right.

"Well, I taut I 'd get a roast when I 'd try ter pass off dose tings she writ out fer boodle. See? Wot do yer tink? Why, every one 'er dose mugs — dere was a candy store, an' dere was a flower store, an' dere was a store where dey sells womin's hats, an', holy gee! dere was all kind er stores — all dose mugs, I 'm tellin ye, dey just takes off der hats when I shoved de boodle Miss Fannie made at 'em. Dat 's right. Dat boodle was as good as nickels. Sure.

"Well, I was clean paralyzed, an' when I gits home an' was goin' ter Miss Fannie wid de bills, I meets a mug in de hall dey calls de walley. Say, all dat mug does fer 'is wages is ter take care of 'is Whisker's whiskers. Sure. 'E is 'is Whisker's walley. When 'is Whiskers wants a clean shirt dat walley gets it fer 'im, and tings like dat.

By E. W. Townsend

"I would n't mind dat snap meself, only 'is Whiskers is a reg'lar scrapper, an' can do me.

"Well, I was tellin' yer 'bout meetin' de walley in de hall. I told 'im dat Miss Fannie could make boodle outter paper, just like de President er der United States.

"Say, wot do yer tink dat mug done? 'E gives me de laugh. See? Gives me de laugh, an' says I 'm a ig'rant wagabone.

"'Wot t'ell!' I says ter 'im. 'I may be a wagabone,' I says, 'but I 'm not ig'rant,' I says, like dat. 'Wot t'ell.' See?

"'Miss Fannie can't make boodle,' says 'e, 'no more nor I kin,' 'e says. 'Dem 's checks,' 'e says.

"Say, I was kind er layin' fer dat dude, anyhow, 'cause 'e is allus roastin' me. So when 'e says dat, I gives 'im a jolt in de jaw. See? Say, 'e squared 'isself in pretty good shape, an' I taut I had a good scrap on me hands, when in comes Miss Fannie's maid.

"Say, she 's a doisy. Yer otter see 'er. I 'm dead stuck on 'er. She 's French, an' talks a forn langwudge mostly.

Chimmie Meets the Duchess

"When she showed up in de hall I drops me hands, an' de odder mog 'e drops 'is hands, an' I gives 'er a wink an' says:

"'Ah, dere, Duchess!' like dat. See? 'Ah, dere, Duchess!'

"Den I chases meself over ter 'er and trows me arms 'round 'er an' gives 'er a kiss.

"Say, yer otter seed dat walley! I taut I 'd die! Holy gee, 'e was crazy! 'E flies outter de hall, but I did n't know den wot 'is game was. I soon tumbled, dough.

"Well, as I was tellin' ye, I gives de Duchess a kiss, an' she says 'Vat on,' like dat. Dat 's 'er forn langwudge. 'Vat on.' See?

"'Hoe de yer say it is? 'Va-t-en?' Is it 'get out?'

"Holy gee! Is dat so?

"Well, seein' as how I was n't on to 'er langwudge, den, I gives 'er anodder kiss.

"Dat 's right, ain't it? When a felley meets a Duchess he 's stuck on, it 's right to give 'er a kiss, ain't it? Sure.

"Well, she runs a big bluff of pretendin' not ter like it, an' says 'lace moy' and 'finny say.'

By E. W. Townsend

"How de yer say it is? 'Finissez?' Naw, dat ain't right. 'Finney say,' she says, says she, but 'er langwudge bein' forn I was n't dead on all de time, an' si I says nothin' but just kept busy, I kept.

"Say, I was pretty busy when in tru de door comes Miss Fannie an' dat mug, de walley, an' catched me. Dat 's wot dat mug went out fer, ter give me snap away ter Miss Fannie.

"Say, but Miss Fannie was red! An' pretty! She was just pretty up ter de limit, I 'm tellin' ye. Up ter de limit. See?

"She gives me a look, an' I was parylized. See?

"But, holy gee! Ye otter seed de Duchess. She was as cool an' smooth as ever ye seed anybody in yer life. I taut she 'd be parylized, but — say, womin is queer folks, anyhow, an' ye never know wat t'ell dey 'll do 'till dey do it. Sure.

"Miss Fannie she began talkin' dat forn langwudge ter de Duchess, but de Duchess she humped 'er shoulders an' she humped 'er eyebrows an' looked as surprised as if she 'd put on 'er shoe wid a mouse in it.

"Den de Duchess she says, says she, talkin'

English, but kinder Dago like — de kind er Dago dat French folks talk when dey talks English. See? She says, says she:

"'Meester Cheemes 'e don't do nottin', she says, like dat. See?

"Say, was n't dat great? Are ye on? See? Why, youse must be a farmer. I was dead on ter onct. Say, de Duchess talked English to tip me. See? She did n't want me ter give de game away.

"Miss Fannie she was dead on, too, fer she got redder, an' looked just like an actress on top er de stage, sure. She told de Duchess to talk dat forn langwudge, I guess, fer dey jawed away like a ambulance gong, an' I was near crazy, fer I taut I was gettin' de gran' roast an' I could n't understan' dere talk. See?

"'Bout de time I taut I 'd drop dead fer not knowin' wot t'ell dey was sayin', Miss Fannie she turns ter me an' says, says she:

"'Chimmie,' she says, 'wot was yer doin' of?' she says.

"'Nottin',' I says; 'nottin' 'tall, Miss Fannie,' says I, 'only askin' de Duchess where t'ell yer was,'

I say, 'so I could give yer de bills wot I paid wid de boodle,' I says.

"Then Miss Fannie she taut er while, an' she says suddent, says she: 'Wot did she say when yer ast 'er where I was?' she says.

"Say, dere was where I was a farmer, a dead farmer. Stid of chippin' in wid a song an' dance 'bout somet'in' or nodder, I was so stuck on me langwudge dat I said dose words de Duchess spoke, wot I was tellin' ye of, "'Vat on,' an' 'lace moy,' an' 'finney say.'

"Say, wot t'ell do dem words mean, anyway?

"Holy gee! is dat so? 'Get out,' an' 'let me be,' an' 'stop.'

"Say, holy gee, I was a farmer, an' dat 's right.

"Well, when I saud dem four words, Miss Fannie she bit her lips, an' twisted her mouth like she 'd die if she did n't laugh. But de Duchess, she gives me one look like she 'd like to do me, an' chases 'erself outter de hall. An' me stuck on 'er, too!

"Say, womin is queer folks, anyhow; an' when

yer stuck on yerself de most dat 's when dey trows yer down der hardest. See?

"Say, fallin' in love has taut dis mug one ting, dead. I don't go monkeyin' wid no forn langwudge no more. Sure, straight English is 'bout me size. See?"

Chimmie Enters
Polite Society
By
E. W. Townsend

CHIMMIE ENTERS POLITE SOCIETY

BY E. W. TOWNSEND

"SAY, if I did n't come near gittin' de gran' bounce, de straight trun out, me name 's not Chimmie Fadden. Dat 's right. Sure, en say, 'is Whiskers was crazy!

"Listen. De old mug calls me 'a unregenerate heathen!' Did ye ever hear such langwudge? I 'm gettin' on to dem big words, sure. 'Un-re-gen-er-ate.' Say, dat 's not bad fer a mug like me. How 'd it happen? Easy. Trouble allus comes dead easy ter me. See? I 'd a been trun out bod'ly 'cept fer der loidy, Miss Fannie. Yes, we calls 'er Miss Fannie. All de hands calls 'er Miss Fannie, sure.

"It was dis way. Dey gives a party up dere de odder night. Say, dey 's allus given parties dere. See? Well, de mug dey calls de butler — de one I had de scrap wid — 'e says ter me, says 'e, 'e says,

'Chames,' says 'e, 'Chames, you 'll help de kitchen servants to-night,' 'e says.

"'T' 'ell I will,' says I. See? I says, 'T' 'ell I will.'

"But Miss Fannie, she makes a sneak to ter barn, where I was teachin' de coachman's kid how ter pat fer a jig, an' she says, says she.

"'Chimmie,' she says, 'Chimmie, you 'll do what de butler tells ye, or I 'll break yer face,' she says, Miss Fannie does. See?

"Naw, not dem words, but dat 's wot dey means. Say, a felley can't allus be 'memberin' just de words dose folks use. But dat 's wot dey means.

"'Dat goes, Miss Fannie,' I says. 'Dat goes,' says I, fer what she says goes if I have ter lick de biggest mug on eart' to make it go. See?

"Well, as I was tellin' ye, dey gives de party, an' I helps in de kitchen. Say, it 'ud killed ye dead ter seed me. Apron? Sure! an apron wid strings on it, an' it comes down ter me feet. Dat 's right. I knowed 't would kill ye.

"Well, as I was tellin' ye, I helps in de kitchen wid de heavy stuff, an' I never tuk so much jawin' in

me life. Say, I'd a slugged de whole gang of dose farmers if it had n't been fer makin' a racket wot ud queered Miss Fannie; she bein' me backer, kinder. Well, bime-by all de mugs begins feedin' in a big room where dey 's a little room offen it dey calls de pantry. I sneaks in dere once ter look at de mugs, like all de kitchen hands was sneakin' in, an' dere was a lot of bots in de pantry, an' I just naturl'y swipes one under me dinkey apron. See? Dat 's right, ain't it?

"When I gets a chanst I trun it out'n de windy, aimin' fer de grass; but, holy gee! it hits some mug plunk on 'is nut. Say, I was near crazy. I snook out dere, and dere was de coachman's kid chokin' 'isself tryin' not to howl, wid 'is 'ead in 'is paws, where de bot had hit 'im right over 'is ear. Dat 's right. Sure.

"'Oh, it 's youse, Chimmie Fadden,' 'e says, says 'e. 'It 's youse, an' yer stealin' champagne,' 'e says, holdin' up de bot I 'd swiped.

"'I 'm stealin' nottin', yer jay,' I says, an' I gives 'im a jolt in de jaw, see? I knowed 'e could n't howl, an' I was dyin' fer a scrap, but dere was no fight in

'im, see? 'E only says, says 'e, 'give me half de bot,' 'e says, 'an' I'll not tell on ye.'

"'Dat goes,' I says, and we sneaked der bot ter de barn, where 'e opens it. Say, did ye ever drink dat stuff, champagne? Holy gee, it's rank! It's like beer wid sugar an' winigar inter it. Sure. Dat's right; I only took one glass, an' dat's all de champagne Chimmie Fadden wants. I've heerd 'em jaw 'bout Bowery whiskey, but it's milk 'longside dat stuff. Say, it's no good.

"Well, I sneaked back ter der kitchen an' left der kid wid de bot. See? Say, if de kid didn't collar de whole bot, I'm a chump. Sure. De whole bot, I'm tellin' ye. Dat's right.

"Well, after de party de coachman finds 'is kid paralyzed on de barn floor. Paralyzed, see? All de old mug could get out'n de young mug was a song an' dance 'bout me. Say, everyt'ing dat goes wrong 'bout dat barn, it's all put on me. Sure.

"Well, de coachman grabs me an' takes me to 'is Whiskers, who was talkin' to Miss Fannie 'bout de party, an' 'e says, says 'e:

"'Dis villian has murdered me son,' 'e says.

By E. W. Townsend

"Say, you'd a died if you'd seen de picnic. 'Is Whiskers was all broke up, an' talks crazy 'bout murder comin' ter 'is house tru 'is daughter tryin' ter reform der slums.

"'Murder nothin,' I says. 'Wot t' 'ell,' I says, like dat. I says, 'Wot t' 'ell. De kid's nut is cracked, an' 'e's punished de bot,' I says. 'Wot t' 'ell! 'E'll be all right in de mornin'.'

"Say, 'is Whiskers could n't understan' me, so de whole gang of us, 'is Whiskers, Miss Fannie, coachy, an' me, goes ter de barn. Well, you'd died if you'd seen de kid. He'd kinder taken a brace, an' was tryin' ter do a dance I'd teached 'im. He had de bot in 'is arms, an' was singin' a dinky song 'bout razzle-dazzle. 'Is face was all blood from where 'is nut was cracked by de bot; an' holy gee, 'e was a bute!

"Say, I could see 'is Whiskers wanted ter laugh, an' Miss Fannie wanted ter cry, an' coachy was struck dead dumb; so, nobody sayin' nottin', I just taut I'd be social like, an' so I just chipped in wid, 'Oh, wot a diffrunce in de mornin'!' Den 'is Whiskers says, says 'e: 'Chimmie Fadden,' 'e says, 'yuse is a unregenerate heathen, an' you'll have to go.'

"Say, wot de ye tink Miss Fannie done? She says, 'No, fadder,' says she; 'no, I tink Chimmie is not de only sinner here. Give 'im anodder chanst,' she says, an' she pulled de old mug's whiskers, like de loidy in de play. Dat 's right. Dat 's wot she done. Ain't she a torrowbred?

"Well, 'is Whiskers says somet'ing 'bout its bein' better for 'im to bring de slums ter Miss Fannie radder den Miss Fannie goin' ter der slums. Den 'e tells 'er to go in de house, an' says 'e 'll tend ter me. Say, mebby yer tink 'e did n't. Well, 'e took me in de harness-room an' 'e just everlastin' lambasted de hide off 'n me. Sure. Say, 'is Whiskers is a reg'lar scrapper. See? Say, 'e t'umped me good, an' dat 's right. 'E says, says 'e:

"'Miss Fannie 'll look after yer soul an' I 'll look after yer hide,' 'e says.

"Say, I 'm kinder gettin' stuck on 'is Whiskers.

"Well, so long. I 've got ter get busy. I 'm takin' a note from Miss Fannie ter 'er fadder. I 'm stuck on dat job. When I goes ter 'is office 'e gives me twenty-five cents ter ride home. I walks, an' I wins de boodle. See?"

The Genial Idiot
By
John Kendrick Bangs

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE GENIAL IDIOT

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

CONCERNING THE FOUR HUNDRED

"GOOD MORNING, Mr. Idiot," said the Landlady, cheerfully, for every one had paid his bill the night before, and all the world looked rosy to her. "I hope I find you well this bright, sunny morning."

"Passably so, Madame," returned the Idiot. "A trifle depressed, but otherwise ship-shape. I have no appetite, but—well, Mary, you may bring me a little of everything, as usual, nevertheless. I do not believe in permitting the whim of an appetite to keep one from getting all that he is entitled to."

"What is the cause of your depression?" asked the Doctor.

"Never you mind," said the Idiot, calmly. "If I told you, you 'd probably tell me how to get rid of it, and then I 'd owe you money."

"I 'll put you on the free list this morning," laughed the Doctor.

"And promise not even to give me advice? I might take it and have a relapse, you know," said the Idiot.

"I promise, on my honor," returned the Doctor.

"I guess it 's too much late supper," put in the Bibliomaniac.

"Mince pie and lobster, most likely," suggested Mr. Brief.

"You gentlemen might get up a pool on the question," said the Idiot. "Five dollars to get in, and the one who guesses right takes the pot. If none of you guess right, I take it, eh?"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Brief, "I have n't any use for these get-rich-quick schemes, and what is more, I don 't care a rap what is the matter with you. You can have a permanent case of the Negalosaurian measles complicated with Faradiddle of the Polyglot for all I care."

"That being the case," observed the Idiot, "and in response to your kind inquiry, I will tell you why the fabric of my disposition is dyed blue. I see by

the papers that Newport is about to be abandoned by the 400 as a place of residence."

"Pah!" ejaculated the Bibliomaniac. "Why vex your soul with that? What difference does it make to you or anybody else where the 400 spend the summer?"

"Hear him!" cried the Idiot. "Did you ever hear such disloyalty! There 's *lèse-majesté* for you. Here 's a man dares say openly that he does n't care where the 400 spend the summer. It 's a good thing for you, Mr. Bib, that you don't live in Germany, else you 'd be jugged before night for uttering a sentiment so essentially seditious."

"Well, I don't!" persisted the Bibliomaniac. "I don't approve of the 400."

"Sh! Do hush—somebody might hear you, and then where would you be?" cried the Idiot, in a tragic whisper. "Suppose Mary, for instance, should overhear what you say, and tell the cook, and the cook should communicate it to the kitchen-maid of the Van Renseliaer Squares, through whom it would reach the ears of the Square's butler, who would tell Stuyvesant Square's valet, who would be

in duty bound to tell Stuyvy himself, that Mr. Bibliomaniac does not approve of the 400, and thus—why we 'd have the police down upon us in one hour."

"I still do not approve of them," retorted the Bibliomaniac. "They constitute the most useless society the world has ever known. They have no *raison d'être*. They have no cultivation. Their influence on art and letters is absolutely *nil*. They are zeros in science and in education. Even in the days of the Roman Empire, or in France prior to the Revolution, society had some influence upon life, but these people—oh, well, what 's the use? There 's no achievement in 'em, and they can spend the summer in Hades for all I care about it."

"There 's plenty of summer to be spent in Hades," agreed the Idiot; "that is, there is if the reports we get of the prevailing temperature there are correct, and when you 've spent all you have there 's a lot more ready made, within reach of the humblest citizen. They have summer to burn in Hades, but as for me, I shall be sorry when the 400 abandon Newport for the slightly shadier resort. It is all nonsense to say there 's no achievement in 'em. It is not the

fact that our modern society is useless. They have a distinct influence upon life, and while I can't speak as to the relative merits of the 400 and society during the French Revolution or the Roman Empire — I was n't in the swim at either period — the 400 are good enough for me, educationally, in art, in letters, science, or any other way, and when they begin to show signs of dissolution—"

"Why did n't you say decadence, and be done with it?" demanded the Bibliomaniac.

"Because I don't mean decadence," said the Idiot. "I mean dissolution. When they begin to show signs of breaking up, I feel very unhappy about it. Up to this time we have known where to look for them in their efflorescence. That place was Newport. It was as if you owned a fine herd of cattle, and knew just where to put *your* hands on 'em when you wanted to. Now, if these rumors are correct, the aggregation is to move on, to turn up elsewhere no doubt, but no longer as an aggregation. For all we know some of 'em may turn up in Jersey City, others at Schoharie, others at Attleboro—any old place, but hopelessly scattered, and I fear that

once scattered they will lose that cohesive power of public entertainment that has hitherto made them a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The things they do and the things they say, done sporadically, will cease to be diverting, whereas achieved by the mass they were most impressive. Moreover, I doubt if a widely diffused society could produce such a social Napoleon as Mr. Tommy Wristlets, the inventor of the Monkey dinner. One, two, or three heads put together could never have conceived such a one as he. It required four hundred to produce the man we have—and by the way, if Tommy Wristlets is not an achievement, Mr. Bib, I 'd like to know what is. Rome, with all her glory, never dreamed of Tommy Wristlets; Greece, in her palmiest hour, had nothing like him. You can search from one end of the Parthenon frieze to the other, whereon is depicted the perfect flavor of Grecian society, and no Tommy Wristlets raises his head from the line to defy his modern prototype. Tommy is a creation of our own time, with his bangles, and his monkeys, and his mordant wit—and yet you say the 400 have achieved nothing."

By John Kendrick Bangs

"Oh, well, if you consider him an achievement—" began the Bibliomaniac.

"He is more," cried the Idiot. "He is a veritable triumph. Philosophers in all ages have claimed that there was nothing new under the sun; it has been proclaimed from the housetops and from the cellars, and yet in face of the dictum of the sum total of human experience, the 400 get their heads together, and lo, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter, there steps forth Tommy Wristlets, the like of whom the Garden of Eden, the Ark, the Sun, Moon, and Stars alike contained none. So much for the achievement of the 400. With this one exhibit constantly before our eyes in the Sunday newspapers you cannot longer put the 400 down among the non-producers."

"Let 's grant your proposition—I 'll admit they 've produced Tommy Wristlets, and let 'em have all the glory that is coming to them on that account. I 'll grant, that by buying pictures they have an influence upon art, also," continued the Bibliomaniac. "Their cottages and town-houses are doubtless lined with oil-paintings in layers, though as for producing

painters, I've yet to hear of a member of the 400 who was a successful painter."

"Guess you don't read the papers," said the Idiot. "Some of the greatest painters of the age are in the 400. There's Reggie Goldrox, and Jack Stocksandbonds, and Billie Murrayhill, and Eddie Boodleton, and Harry Motorcar, and—"

"In heaven's name," cried the Bibliomaniac, "what do those frivolous young men paint?"

"Towns," said the Idiot, solemnly. "Has Meissonnier painted detached portions of Paris? Reggie Goldrox has painted every square foot of it. Has Millais or Burne-Jones painted portions of London? Show me an inch of that precious hamlet that has escaped the brush of Jack Stocksandbonds. So have they all painted New York, Boston, Washington, and Pittsburg, and there has been no stint in color, either. They have laid it on thick, and at the present day constitute a school of their own."

"They're not much in water-colors," sneered the Bibliomaniac.

"No, but their drawing is beyond cavil," said the Idiot.

"You have me there," said the Bibliomaniac, shaking his head perplexedly. "What do they draw, checks?"

"No," said the Idiot, "corks."

"I suppose you can argue with equal force as to the influence of the 400 on education," put in Mr. Brief, since the Bibliomaniac had taken refuge from the fray in coffee and silence.

"Certainly, educationally they are a power," replied the Idiot. "It is a liberal education in manners just to watch 'em. Just because you know Latin and Greek and mathematics, and can box the compass, does n't make of you the only educated person in the world. You might pass a perfect examination in Ancient History and flunk like an ignoramus on Don't. I 'll wager you now you don't know whether you should wear a mauve silk four-in-hand or a yellow sailor's knot at a five o'clock tea. If you were invited to attend a morning musicale at Mrs. Von Boodle's to-morrow you would n't know whether to wear a pink shirt and a blue tie with a frock coat, or to go more simply clad in a green cutaway, lavendar trousers, and tan-colored shoes; and as

for shaking hands, I 'll bet you can't tell me off-hand how it 's done in polite society to-day, yet one of the slightest of these Willieboys, that you profess to despise so deeply, does all these things correctly, and what is more, by instinct."

"I would n't dress the way they do for a farm," said the Bibliomaniac.

"They would n't either," said the Idiot. "For a farm they 'd dress in a farm costume, for it is a part of their sartorial creed to be always correctly dressed. But you see, Mr. Brief, while you undoubtedly know a great many things that the 400 don't know, they, on the other hand, know a great many things that you don't; and what is more, their little minds are constantly as busy as bees getting up new things which shall be *de rigueur*. They are constantly adding to the sum of human knowledge along lines of etiquette. Are you doing as much in your profession?"

Mr. Brief had to confess that he was n't, when the Poet joined in.

"They don't do much for letters," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," said the Idiot. "They let a few favored authors into their circle, and you

know as well as I do that the Horse Show is never considered a success without Thomas Partington Sniffen, the author of 'Impressions of the Erie Canal' and 'Lost in Gowanus Bay,' in one of the boxes. Two years ago, when Sniffen was in South Africa as a war correspondent, they even talked of postponing it until he returned."

"That may be," said the Poet; "but they don't inspire anything in literature, do they?"

"That 's not their fault," said the Idiot. "It 's the fault of the literary fellows. If a time was ever ripe for a Thackeray, and a subject ready to the pen of such a man, this is the time and the 400 the subject."

"I should think it would be enough to drive you into literature," sneered the Bibliomaniac. "Why don't you try to write them up yourself?"

"Gratitude withholds my hand," said the Idiot.

"Gratitude?" cried Mr. Brief. "Gratitude for what?"

"Many a good hearty laugh," said the Idiot. "If you look at 'em the right way, and have any sense of humor, you 'll see that there 's nothing fun-

nier in the world than that same 400; and as for me, I 'd no sooner satirize them than as a boy I would have shot the clown in the circus with my bean-shooter."

"You are easily amused," said Mr. Brief.

"I am," observed the Idiot. "That 's why I always come up smiling."

"Wonder to me you don't join the 400, you 're so fond of 'em," said the Bibliomaniac with an acid smile. "Intellectually you are about on a level."

"That 's true enough," said the Idiot. "But there 's one or two things that prevent me."

"And what are they, pray?" demanded Mr. Brief.

"Well, in the first place it costs seven or eight dollars a week to keep up one's end in that set, and I have n't more than three; and the second is, that my mind is not strong enough to grasp the refinements of pink shirts, blue ties, and frock coats."

"You speak as if there was a vacancy in the 400 just waiting for you," said Mr. Brief.

"Oh, there are vacancies enough; I 've got a record of 'em," began the Idiot.

"How many?" asked the Bibliomaniac.

"Three hundred and ninety-nine," said the Idiot.

"In fact, they are all vacancies but one."

"Which one is that?" asked the Poet.

"Bobbie Van Highball; he 's full all the time," said the Idiot, and there the discussion closed.

"Checker's" Letter

By

Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

"CHECKER'S" LETTER

BY HENRY M. BLOSSOM, JR.

"DEAR MR. PRESTON:

"I 'm here doing a stage-coach business — straining the leaders of my legs, hustlin'. If trade keeps up I 'll have coin to melt when I get home, and you bet I 'll melt it. The food out here would poison a dog. I ain't got the health to go against it. I 've been sick ever since I left Chicago anyhow, on account of Murray Jameson. I met him at the depot the night I left. He had a box of cigars he said a friend of his brought him from Mexico. He gave me a handful. I got on the train, and got busy with one — I like to croaked. Strong! ! ! Oh, no — it was n't strong! Drop one of them in a can of dynamite and it 's ten to one it would 'do' the can. Start a 'Mexican' and a piece of Limburger in a short dash, it 's a hundred to one you 'd need a searchlight to find the Limburger. I 've switched to cigarettes.

"I got in here at six to-night, and I 'm going to

get away at one. After supper (Supper! I 'll tell you about that later!) I went over to the only shanty in the place that looked like a store and opened the door. There were a lot of 'Jaspers' sitting around the stove, chewing tobacco and swapping lies. I asked the guy that got up when I came in where he kept his stock (he had nothing in sight). He lighted a lantern, walked me a quarter of a mile, and showed me four 'mooley cows' — say, I was sore. But I 'm square with him — I gave him a couple of 'Mexicans.'

"That supper! Well, say, it was a 'peach.' (I had an egg this morning and it was a 'bird.') I sat down to the table with a St. Louis shoe-man. We turned the things down one by one as they came in. A few soda crackers on the table saved our lives. We tried the griddle-cakes. They were pieces of scorched, greasy dough, as big as pie-plates. There were a couple of 'Rubes' at the other end of the table; a short, little, fat one, and a long, lean, thin one. We shoved the cakes on down their way. They ate their own and ours, and ordered more. I bet the shoe-man five on the fat one. We ordered

more ourselves and pushed them along. The thin man finally began to weaken, but the fat one got stronger every minute. My friend said I was 'pullin',' and wanted to draw the bet; but I made him 'give up.'

"Just as we were going, the waitress came up with a grouch on, stuck out her chin, and says 'Pie?'

"'Is it compulsory?' says the shoe-man.

"'Naw; it's mince.'

"'Well, that lets us out,' he says, and we skipped."

Later —

"I got interrupted here. The boys wanted me to play 'high-five' until train-time; I picked up a little 'perfumery money,' and came up here to Kansas City to spend Saturday night and Sunday.

"There's a lot of 'rummies' I used to know hanging around here 'broke.' They've all 'got their hand out.' One of them made me a talk last night for enough to get to St. Louis on — said he 'must get there.'

"'Well,' I says, 'try the trucks; how are you on swinging under?'

"'Yes,' he says, 'you're in luck, and makin' a swell front, with your noisy duds and plenty of money, but it's a wonder you would n't 'let your blood gush' a little when you see an old friend of yours in trouble.'

"That was a new one on me, and I 'loosened.' Well, perhaps he'll do me a good turn some time.

"Now, I must close. I see dinner's ready. There's a big, fat guy has been beating me out in a race for a seat I want in the dining-room. 'I'll put it over him a neck' to-day for the chair. The cross-eyed fairy that waits on that table can dig up cream while the rest of the waitresses are looking around to see if there's any skimmed milk in the joint.

"Yours till death — and as long after as they need me at the morgue.

"EDWARD CAMPBELL."

The Fable of the Two Mandolin Players and the Willing Performer

By

George Ade

GEORGE ADE

THE FABLE OF THE TWO MANDOLIN PLAYERS AND THE WILLING PERFORMER

BY GEORGE ADE

A VERY attractive Débutante knew two Young Men who called on her every Thursday evening, and brought their Mandolins along.

They were Conventional Young Men of the Kind that you see wearing Spring Overcoats in the Clothing Advertisements. One was named Fred, and the other was Eustace.

The Mothers of the Neighborhood often remarked, "What Perfect Manners Fred and Eustace have!" Merely as an aside, it may be added that Fred and Eustace were more Popular with the Mothers than they were with the Younger Set, although no one could say a Word against either of them. Only it was rumored in Keen Society that they did n't Belong. The Fact that they went Calling in a Crowd, and took their Mandolins along, may give

the Acute Reader some Idea of the Life that Fred and Eustace held out to the Young Women of their Acquaintance.

The Débutante's name was Myrtle. Her Parents were very Watchful, and did not encourage her to receive Callers, except such as were known to be Exemplary Young Men. Fred and Eustace were a few of those who escaped the Black List. Myrtle always appeared to be glad to see them, and they regarded her as a Darned Swell Girl.

Fred's Cousin came from St. Paul on a Visit; and one Day, in the Street, he saw Myrtle, and noticed that Fred tipped his Hat, and gave her a Stage Smile.

"Oh, Queen of Sheba!" exclaimed the Cousin from St. Paul, whose name was Gus, as he stood stock still, and watched Myrtle's Reversible Plaid disappear around a Corner. "She's a Bird. Do you know her well?"

"I know her Quite Well," replied Fred, coldly. "She is a Charming Girl."

"She is all of that. You are a great Describer. And now what Night are you going to take me around to call on her?"

Fred very naturally Hemmed and Hawed. It must be remembered that Myrtle was a member of an Excellent Family, and had been schooled in the Proprieties, and it was not to be supposed that she would crave the Society of slangy old Gus, who had an abounding Nerve, and furthermore was as Fresh as the Mountain Air.

He was the Kind of Fellow who would see a Girl twice, and then, upon meeting her the Third Time, he would go up and straighten her Cravat for her, and call her by her First Name.

Put him into a Strange Company — en route to a Picnic — and by the time the Baskets were unpacked he would have a Blonde all to himself, and she would have traded her Fan for his College Pin.

If a Fair-Looker on the Street happened to glance at him Hard he would run up and seize her by the Hand, and convince her that they had Met. And he always Got Away with it, too.

In a Department Store, while waiting for the Cash Boy to come back with the Change, he would find out the Girl's Name, her Favorite Flower, and where a Letter would reach her.

Upon entering a Parlor Car at St. Paul he would select a Chair next to the Most Promising One in Sight, and ask her if she cared to have the Shade lowered.

Before the Train cleared the Yards he would have the Porter bringing a Footstool for the Lady.

At Hastings he would be asking her if she wanted Something to Read.

At Red Wing he would be telling her that she resembled Maxime Elliott, and showing her his Watch, left to him by his Grandfather, a Prominent Virginian.

At La Crosse he would be reading the Menu Card to her, and telling her how different it is when you have Some One to join you in a Bite.

At Milwaukee he would go out and buy a Bouquet for her, and when they rode into Chicago they would be looking out of the same Window, and he would be arranging for her Baggage with the Transfer Man. After that they would be Old Friends.

Now, Fred and Eustace had been at School with Gus, and they had seen his Work, and they were not disposed to Introduce him into One of the most Exclusive Homes of the City.

By George Ade

They had known Myrtle for many Years; but they did not dare to Address her by her First Name, and they were positive that if Gus attempted any of his usual Tactics with her she would be Offended; and naturally enough, they would be Blamed for bringing him to the House.

But Gus insisted. He said he had seen Myrtle, and she Suited him from the Ground up, and he proposed to have Friendly Doings with her. At last they told him they would take him if he promised to Behave. Fred warned him that Myrtle would frown down any Attempt to be Familiar on Short Acquaintance, and Eustace said that as long as he had known Myrtle he had never Presumed to be Free and Forward with her. He had simply played the Mandolin. That was as Far Along as he had ever got.

Gus told them not to Worry about him. All he asked was a Start. He said he was a Willing Performer, but as yet he had never been Disqualified for Crowding. Fred and Eustace took this to mean that he would not Overplay his Attentions, so they escorted him to the House.

The Fable of the Two Mandolin Players

As soon as he had been Presented, Gus showed her where to sit on the Sofa, then he placed himself about Six Inches away, and began to Buzz, looking her straight in the eye. He said that when he first saw her he Mistook her for Miss Prentice, who was said to be the Most Beautiful Girl in St. Paul, only, when he came closer, he saw that it could n't be Miss Prentice, because Miss Prentice did n't have such Lovely Hair. Then he asked her the Month of her Birth and told her Fortune, thereby coming nearer to Holding her Hand within Eight Minutes than Eustace had come in a Lifetime.

"Play something, Boys," he Ordered, just as if he had paid them Money to come along and make Music for them.

They unlimbered their Mandolins and began to play a Sousa March. He asked Myrtle if she had seen the New Moon. She replied that she had not, so they went Outside.

When Fred and Eustace had finished the first Piece, Gus appeared at the open Window, and asked them to play "The Georgia Camp-Meeting," which had always been one of his Favorites.

So they played that, and when they had Concluded there came a Voice from the Outer Darkness, and it was the Voice of Myrtle. She said: "I'll tell you what to Play; play the Intermezzo."

Fred and Eustace exchanged Glances. They began to Perceive that they had been backed into a Siding. With a few Potted Palms in front of them, and two Cards from the Union, they would have been just the same as a Hired Orchestra.

But they played the Intermezzo and felt Peevish. Then they went to the Window and looked out. Gus and Myrtle were sitting in the Hammock, which had quite a Pitch towards the Center. Gus had braced himself by Holding to the back of the Hammock. He did not have his Arm around Myrtle, but he had it Extended in a Line parallel with her Back. What he had done would n't Justify a Girl in saying, "Sir!" but it started a Real Scandal with Fred and Eustace. They saw that the only Way to Get Even with her was to go Home without saying "Good Night." So they slipped out the Side Door, shivering with indignation.

After that, for several Weeks, Gus kept Myrtle so

Busy that she had no Time to think of considering other Candidates. He sent Books to her Mother, and allowed the Old Gentleman to take Chips away from him at Poker.

They were Married in the Autumn, and Father-in-law took Gus into the Firm, saying that he had needed a Pusher for a Long Time.

At the Wedding, the two Mandolin Players were permitted to act as Ushers.

MORAL: *To get a fair Trial of Speed, use a Pace-Maker.*

Claudie
By
George Ade

CLAUDIE

BY GEORGE ADE

"WHERE 's he at?" asked the overgrown messenger boy, who had clumped slowly along the hallway, and who now entered the room, leaving the door open behind him.

"Ain't he good?" asked Artie, turning to Miller, who was gazing at the messenger with a look of pained surprise in his eyes.

"Where 's he at?" repeated the messenger boy.

He seemed rather large and old to be in the uniform, for there was a scrabble of soft beard on his chin. His face and hands appeared to have been treated with fine coal-dust, his cap leaned forward on one side of his head, and whenever he spoke he had to make new disposition of a large amount of chewing tobacco which he carried in his mouth.

When he asked, "Where 's he at?" he pronounced it "where 'ce," and in all his subsequent talk he gave the "s" a soft and hissing sound well

prolonged, to the evident enjoyment of Artie and the mild wonderment of Miller.

"Where 's who at?" demanded Artie, adopting a frown and a harsh manner.

"W'y, t'e four-eyed nobs dat sent me out on t'e Sout' Side."

"Are you the same little boy? Would n't that frost you, though, Miller? This is little Bright-eyes that took the note for Hall."

"Aw, what 's eatin' you?" asked the boy, giving a warlike curl to the corner of his mouth.

"Oh, ow! Listen to that. I 'll bet you 're the toughest boy that ever happened. What you been doin' all day — playin' marbles for keeps, or standin' in front o' one o' them dime museeums?"

"Aw, say; you t'ink you 're fly. Dat young feller sent me all t'e way to forty-t'ree ninety-t'ree Callamet Av'noo. I could n't get back no sooner."

"Who was it the note was to?"

"His rag, I guess."

"Oh-h-h-h! His rag! What do you think o' that, Miller? Ain't this boy a bird? Can you beat him? Can you *tie* him? Boy, you 're all right."

"So are you — dat is, from y'r head up."

"An' the feet down, huh? You 're one o' them 'Hully chee, Chonny,' boys, ain't you? You 're so tough they could n't dent you with an axe."

"Is dat so-o-o-o?" asked the boy, with a frightful escape of "s," and a glare such as he must have used to terrify all the smaller boys at the call station.

"If I was as tough as you are I 'd be afraid o' myself, on the level."

"You t'ink you 're havin' sport wit' me, don't you? I seen a lot o' dem funny mugs before dis."

"W'y, Claudie, I would n't try to josh you. I think you 're a nice, clean boy. Ain't you goin' to take off your gloves?"

Miller leaned back in his chair and howled with laughter.

"I beg y'r pardon, Claudie," continued Artie. "I thought them was gloves you had on. Gee, is them your mits? You 're a brunette, ain't you?"

The messenger boy had been somewhat taken back by the allusion to his "gloves," but he recovered and said, still gazing at Artie: "S-s-ay, you 're havin' all

kinds o' fun wit' me, ain't you? Well, w'at you — anyt'ing you say cuts no ice wit' me."

"You 'd better smoke up, or you 'll go out," suggested Artie. "You was a little slow on the come-back that last time. Get on to him, Miller; he 's lookin' a hole in me."

"He has a bad eye," said Miller.

"Yes; and as the guy says on the stage, I don't like his other one very well, neither. I 'll bet he 'd be a nasty boy in a fight. I 'd hate to run against him late at night. Them messenger boys is bad people. Guess what they train on."

"I don't know," said Miller.

"Cocoanut pie. That ain't no fairy tale, neither. Cocoanut pie and milk; that 's what they live on. I 'll bet Claudie here with the face has got about three cocoanut pies wadded into him now. How about it, Claudie?"

"Say," began the messenger boy, nodding his head slowly to emphasize his remarks, "I 'd give a t'ousand dollars if I had your gall."

"That 'll be all right. Keep the change. By the way, old chap, are you lookin' for any one?"

This was another surprise for the boy.

"Yes-s-s; I'm lookin' for some one," he replied.

"Who it is is it?"

"W'y, t'e fellow dat wears de windows in his face. I got a note here for him," and he pulled it out of his pocket.

"Looks like you've been chewin' it. That's his desk over there. He got dead tired o' waitin' for you, and went out to tell the police you was lost. I think they're draggin' the lake for you now."

"Aw, go ahead; dat's right. Dere's lots o' you blokies t'ink you can have fun wit' us kids."

"Get next to the walk, Miller; get on, get on!" exclaimed Artie, as the messenger boy moved over toward Hall's desk. On the way he stopped for a moment and spat copiously into a waste-basket.

"He walks like he had gravel in his shoes, don't he?" said Artie. "Look at the way he holds them shoulders. Ain't he tough, though?"

"Some day you'll get too gay, an' a guy 'll give you a funny poke," remarked the messenger boy, as he slowly settled into young Mr. Hall's chair, and

again directed what was supposed to be a terrorizing stare at Artie.

"What did I tell you, Miller? Claudie 's a scrapper. He 'd just as soon give a guy a 'tump in de teet' as look at him."

The boy gave a sniff of contempt, and began an examination of the papers on Mr. Hall's desk, picking up some of the letters and studying them, his lips going through the motions of reading. Artie sat, with face illumined, and watched the boy. He was evidently fascinated by the display of supreme impudence.

"Ain't there nothin' we can do for you?" he asked. "Miller 's got some private letters you can read when you get through over there."

"Aw, go chase yourself," replied the boy.

"Well, Claudie, I 've seen a good many o' you boys, but you 're the best ever," remarked Artie. "If Hall's tryin' to win out any South Side lady friend I don't see as he could do better than send you out with the note. I think you 'll be liked wherever you go. Gee! you 've got that icehouse stare o' yours down pat. If you keep on springin' that you 'll scare somebody one o' these days."

By George Ade

"Aw, let go," said the boy in evident disgust. "When do I get to see t'e fellow dat sets here? Won't one o' youse pay me?"

"Miller, pay the boy and let him go. He ain't had any cocoanut pie for nearly an hour now, have you, Willie — er — Claudie, I mean. What is your name, Claudie?"

"What 's it to you?"

"Nothin' much; only I wanted to know. You 've kind o' won me out. Here! Don't move! I 'll bring the waste-basket over to you."

At that moment young Mr. Hall came in and said: "Ah, boy, have you that note for me?"

"S-s-s-ure. Where you been at? You 're helva duck to keep a kid waitin' here. You 've got 'o pay me ten cents more."

"Don't be saucy," said young Mr. Hall, severely.

"Aw, rats!"

"You ain't mad, are you, Claudie?" asked Artie, as the boy laboriously moved toward the door, making noises with his feet.

"Oh-h-h, but you t'ink you 're a kidder," replied the boy, with a sour smile.

"Look out! You 'll step on one o' your feet there in a minute."

Then they heard him go clump-clump-clump out through the hall and away.

"Confound such a boy!" exclaimed young Mr. Hall.

"Oh, he 's all right," said Artie, "only you ain't used to his ways."

"He 's tough enough," suggested Miller.

"Yes," said Artie, "I would n't be as tough as he thinks he is — not for a million dollars."

Mr. Dooley on the
French Character
By
Finley Peter Dunne

MR. DOOLEY ON THE FRENCH CHARACTER

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"TH' Fr-rinch," said Mr. Dooley, "ar-re a tumulchuse people."

"Like as not," said Mr. Hennessy, "there 's some of our blood in thim. A good manny iv our people wint over wanst. They cudden't all 've been kilt at Fontenoy."

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "'t is another kind iv tumulchuse. Whin an Irishman rages, 't is with wan idee in his moind. He 's goin' for'ard again a single inimy, an' not stone walls or irne chains 'll stop him. He may pause f'r a drink, or to take a shy at a polisman—f'r a polisman 's always in th' way—but he 's as thrue as th' needle in the camel's eye, as Hogan says, to th' objec' iv his hathred. So he 's been f'r four hindherd years, an' so he 'll always be while they 's an England on th' map. When England purrishes, th' Irish 'll die iv what Hogan calls ongwee,

which is havin' no wan in th' weary wurruld ye don't love.

"But wuth th' Fr-rinch 't is diff'rent. I say 't is diff'rent with th' Fr-rinch. They 're an onnaisy an' a thrubbled people. They start out down th' street, loaded up with obscenthe an' ciganeets, pavin' blocks an' walkin' shticks an' shtove-lids in their hands, cryin' 'A base Cap Dhry-fuss!' th' Cap bein' far off in a cage, by dad. So far, so good. 'A base Cap Dhry-fuss!' says I; an' the same to all thraitors, an' manny iv thim, whether they ar-re or not.' But along comes a man with a poor hat. 'Where did he get th' hat?' demands th' mob. Down with th' bad tile!' they say. 'A base th' lid!' An' they desthroy th' hat, an' th' man undher it succumbs to th' rule iv th' majority an' jines th' mob. On they go till they come to a restaurant. 'Ha,' says they, 'th' resort iv the infamious Duclose.' 'His char-rges ar-re high,' says wan. 'I found a fish-bone in his soup,' says another. 'He 's a thraitor,' says a third. 'A base th' soup kitchen! A base th' caafe!' says they; an' they seize th' unfortunate Duclose, an' bate him an' upset his kettles iv broth. Manetime

where 's Cap Dhry-fuss? Off in his comfortable cage, swingin' on th' perch an' atin' seed out iv a small bottle stuck in th' wire. Be th' time th' mob has desthroyed what they see on th' way they 've f'rgot the Cap intirely; an' he 's safe f'r another day.

"'T is unforch'nit, but 't is thrue. Th' Fr-rinch ar-re not steady ayether in their politics or their morals. That 's where they get done by th' hated British. Th' diff'rence in furrin' policies is the diff'rence between a second-rate safe-blower an' a first-class boonco steerer. Th' Fr-rinch buy a ton iv dinnymite, spind five years in dhrillin' a hole through a steel dure, blow open th' safe, lose a leg or an ar-rm, an' get away with th' li'bilities iv th' firm. Th' English dhress up f'r a Methodist preacher, stick a piece iv lead pipe in th' tails iv their coat in case iv emargency, an' get all th' money there is in th' line.

"In th' fr-ront dure comes th' Englishman with a coon king on ayether ar-rm that 's jus' loaned him their kingdoms on a prom'ssory note, an' discovers th' Fr-rinchman emargin' frim th' rooms iv th' safe. 'What ar-re ye doin' here?' says th' Englishman.

'Robbin' th' naygurs,' says th' Fr-rinchman, bein' thruthful as well as polite. 'Wicked man,' says the Englishman. 'What ar-re ye doin' here?' says the Fr-rinchman. 'Improvin' tha morals iv th' inhabitants,' says the Englishman. 'Is it not so, Rastus?' he says. 'It is,' says wan iv th' kings. 'I'm a poorer but a betther man since ye came,' he says. 'Yes,' says th' Englishman, 'I pro-pose f'r to thruly rayform this onhappy counthry,' he says. 'This benighted haythen on me exthreme left has been injooced to cut out a good dale iv his wife's business,' he says, 'an' go through life torminted be on'y wan spouse,' he says. 'Th' r-rest will go to wurruk f'r me,' he says. 'All crap games bein' particylar ongodly 'll be undher th' conthrol iv th' gover'mint, which,' he says, 'is me. Policy shops 'll be r-run carefully, an' I 've appinted Rastus here Writer-in-Waitin' to her Majesty,' he says.

"'Th' r-rum they dhrink in these par-rts,' he says, 'is fearful,' he says. 'What shall we do to stop th' ac-cursed thraffic?' 'Sell thim gin,' says I. ''T is shameful they shud go out with nawthin' to hide their nakedness,' he says. 'I 'll fetch thim

clothes; but,' he says, 'as th' weather 's too warrum f'r clothes, I 'll not sell thim annything that 'll last long,' he says. 'If it was n't f'r relligion,' he says, 'I don't know what th' 'ell th' wurruld wud come to,' he says. 'Who's relligion?' says th' Fr-rinchman. 'My relligion,' says th' Englishman. 'These pore, benighted savidges,' he says, ' 'll not be left to yer odjious morals an' yer hootchy-kootchy school iv thought,' says he; 'but,' he says, 'undher th' binif'cint r-rule iv a wise an' thrue gover'mint,' he says, ' 'll be thruly prepared f'r hivin,' he says, 'whin thir time comes to *go*,' he says, 'which I thrust will not be long,' he says. 'So I 'll thank ye to be off,' he says, 'or I 'll take th' thick end iv th' slung-shot to ye,' he says."

Mr. Dooley on the
Victorian Era
By
Finley Peter Dunne

MR. DOOLEY ON THE VICTORIAN ERA

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"AR-RE ye goin' to cillybrate th' queen's jubilee?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"What 's that?" demanded Mr. Hennessy, with a violent start.

"To-day," said Mr. Dooley, "her gracious Majesty Victorya, Queen iv Great Britain an' that part iv Ireland north iv Sligo, has reigned f'r sixty long and tiresome years."

"I don't care if she has snowed f'r sixty years," said Mr. Hennessy. "I 'll not cillybrate it. She may be a good woman f'r all I know, but dam her pollytics."

"Ye need n't be pro-fane about it," said Mr. Dooley. "I only ast ye a civil question. F'r mesilf, I have no feelin' on th' subject. I am not with the queen, an' I 'm not again her. At th' same time I corjally agree with me frind Captain

Finerty, who 's put his newspaper in mournin' f'r th' ivint. I won't march in th' parade, an' I won't put anny dinnymite undher thim that does. I don't say th' marchers an' dinnymiters ar-re not both r-right. 'T is purely a question iv taste, an', as th' ixicutive says whin both candydates are mimbers iv th' camp, 'Pathrites will use their own discreetion.'

"Th' good woman niver done me no har-rm; an' beyond throwin' a rock or two into an orangey's procission an' subscribin' to tin dollars' worth iv Fenian bonds, I 've threated her like a lady. Anny gredge I iver had again her I burrid long ago. We 're both well on in years, an' 't is no use carrying har-rd feelin's to th' grave. About th' time th' lord chamberlain wint over to tell her she was queen, an' she came out in her nitey to hear th' good news, I was announced into this worruld iv sin an' sorrow. So ye see we 've reigned about th' same lenth iv time, an' I ought to be cillybratin' me dimon' jubilee. I wud, too, if I had anny dimon's. Do ye r-run down to Aldherman O'Brien's an' borrow twinty or thirty f'r me.

"Great happenin's have me an' Queen Victorya

seen in these sixty years. Durin' our binificent prisince on earth th' nations have grown r-rich an' prosperous. Great Britain has ixtinded her domain until th' sun niver sets on it. No more do th' original owners iv th' sile, they bein' kept movin' be th' polis. While she was lookin' on in England, I was lookin' on in this counthry. I have seen America spread out fr'm th' Atlantic to th' Pacific, with a branch office iv the Standard Ile Comp'ny in ivry hamlet. I've seen th' shackles dropped fr'm th' slave, so's he cud be lynched in Ohio. I've seen this gr-reat city desthroyed be fire fr'm De Koven Sthreet to th' Lake View pumpin' station, and thin rise, felix-like, fr'm its ashes—all but th' West Side, which was not burned. I've seen Jim Mace beat Mike McCool, an' Tom Allen beat Jim Mace, an' somebody beat Tom Allen, an' Jawn Sullivan beat him, an' Corbett beat Sullivan, an' Fitz beat Corbett; an', if I live to cillybrate me goold-watch-an'-chain jubilee, I may see sum wan put it all over Fitz.

"Oh, what things I've seen in me day an' Victorya's! Think iv that gran' procission iv lithry men—Tinnyson an' Longfellow an' Bill Nye an'

Ella Wheeler Wilcox an' Tim Scanlan an'—an' I can't name thim all; they 're too many. An' th' brave gin'rals—Von Molkey an' Bismarck an' U. S. Grant an' gallant Phil Sheridan an' Coxey. Think iv thim durin' me reign. An' th' invintions—th' steam-injine an' th' printin'-press an' th' cotton-gin an' the gin sour an' th' bicycle an' th' flyin'-machine an' th' nickel-in-th'-slot machine an' the Croker machine and th' sody fountain an'—crownin' wur-ruk iv our civilization—th' cash raygister. What gr-reat advances has science made in my time an' Victorya's, t'r, when we entered public life, it took three men to watch th' bar-keep, while to-day ye can tell within eight dollars an hour what he 's took in.

"Glory be, whin I look back fr-rm this day iv gin'ral rejoicin' in me rhinestone jubilee, an' see what changes has taken place, an' how manny people have died, an' how much betther off the wur-ruld is. I'm proud iv mesilf. War an' pest'lence an' famine have occurred in me time, but I count thim light with th' binifits that have fallen to th' race since I come on th' earth."

"What ar-re ye talkin' about?" cried Mr. Hen-

nessy, in deep disgust. "All this time ye 've been standin' behind this bar ladlin' out disturbance, to th' Sixth Wa-ard, an' ye have n't been as far east as Mitchigan Avnoo in twinty years. What have ye had to do with all these things?"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "I had as much to do with them as th' queen."

Mr. Dooley on Golf
By
Finley Peter Dunne

FINLEY PETER DUNNE
"Mr. Dooley"

MR. DOOLEY ON GOLF

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"AN' what 's this game iv goluf like, I dinnaw?" said Mr. Hennessy, lighting his pipe with much unnecessary noise. "Ye 're a good deal iv a spoort, Jawnny: did ye iver thry it?"

"No," said Mr. McKenna. "I used to roll a hoop onct upon a time, but I 'm out of condition now."

"It ain't like base-ball," said Mr. Hennessy, "an' it ain't like shinny, an' it ain't like lawn-teenis, an' it ain't like forty-fives, an' it ain't —"

"Like canvas-back duck or anny other game ye know," said Mr. Dooley.

"Thin what is it like?" said Mr. Hennessy. "I see be th' pa-aper that Hobart What-d'-ye-call-him is wan iv th' best at it. Th' other day he made a scoor iv wan hundherd an' sixty-eight, but whether 't was miles or stitches, I cudden't make out fr'm th' raypoorts."

Mr. Dooley on Golf

"'T is little ye know," saud Mr. Dooley. "Th' game of goluf is as old as th' hills. Me father had goluf links all over his place, an' whin I was a kid, 't was wan iv th' principal spoorts iv me life, afther I 'd dug the turf f'r th' avenin', to go out and putt —"

"Poot, ye mean," said Mr. Hennessy. "They 'se no such wurrud in th' English language as putt. Belinda called me down har-rd on it no more thin las' night."

"There ye go!" said Mr. Dooley, angrily. "There ye go! D' ye think this here game iv goluf is a spellin' match? 'Tis like ye, Hinnissy, to be refereein' a twinty-round glove contest be th' rule iv three. I tell ye, I used to go out in th' avenin' an' putt me mashie like hell-an'-all, til I was knowed fr'm wan end iv th' county to th' other as th' champeen putter. I putted two men fr'm Roscommon in wan day, an' they had to be took home on a dure.

"In America th' game is played more ginteel, an' is more like cigareet-smokin', though less onhealthy f'r th' lungs. 'T is a good game to play in a ham-

mick, whin ye 're all tired out fr'm social duties or shovellin' coke. Out iv dure golf is played be the followin' rules. If ye bring ye 'er wife f'r to see th' game, an' she has her name in th' paper, that counts ye wan. So th' first thing ye do is to find th' raypoorter, an' tell him ye 're there. Thin ye ordher a bottle iv brown pop, an' have ye'er second fan ye with a towel. Afther this ye 'd dhress, an' here ye 've got to be dam particklar or ye 'll be stuck f'r th' dhrinks. If ye'er necktie is not on straight, that counts ye'er opponent wan. If both ye and ye'er opponent have ye'er neckties on crooked, th' first man that sees it gets th' stakes. Thin ye ordher a carredge —''

"Order what?" demanded Mr. McKenna.

"A carredge."

"What for?"

"F'r to take ye 'round th' links. Ye have a little boy followin' ye, carryin' ye'er clubs. Th' man that has the smallest little boy it counts him two. If th' little boy has th' rickets, it counts th' man in th' carredge three. The little boys is called caddies; but Clarence Heaney that tol' me all this — he be-

longs to th' Foorth Wa-ard Goluf an' McKinley Club — said what th' little boys calls th' players 'd not be fit f'r to repeat."

"Well, whin ye dhrive up to th' tea grounds —"

"Th' what?" demanded Mr. Hennessy.

"Th' tea grounds, that 's like th' homeplate in base-ball, or ordherin' a piece iv chalk in a game iv spoil five. Its th' beginnin' iv ivrything. Whin ye get to th' tea grounds, ye step out, an' have ye'er hat irned be th' caddie. Thin ye'er man that ye'er goin' against comes up, an' he asks ye, 'Do you know Potther Pammer?' Well, if ye don't know Potther Pammer, it 's all up with ye: ye lose two points. But ye come right back at him with an upper cut: 'Do ye live on th' Lake Shore Dhrive?' If he does n't, ye have him in th' nine hole. Ye need n't play with him anny more. But, if ye do play with him, he has to spot three balls. If he 's a good man an' shifty on his feet, he 'll counter be askin' ye where ye spend th' summer. Now, ye can't tell him that ye spent th' summer with wan hook on th' free lunch an' another on th' ticket tape, and so ye go back three. That need n't discourage

ye at all, at all. Here 's yer chance to mix up, an' ye ask him if he was iver in Scotland. If he was n't, it counts ye five. Thin ye tell him that ye had an aunt wanst that heerd th' Jook iv Argyle talk in a phonograph; an', onless he comes back an' shoots it into ye that he was wanst run over be th' Prince iv Wales, ye have him groggy. I don't know whether th' Jook iv Argyle or th' Prince iv Wales counts f'r most. They 're like the right an' left bower iv thrumps. Th' best players is called scratch-men.

"What 's that f'r?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"It 's a Scotch game," saud Mr. Dooley, with a wave of his hand. "I wonder how it come out to-day. Here 's th' pa-aper. Let me see. McKinley at Canton. Still there. He niver cared to wandher fr'm his own fireside. Collar-button men f'r th' goold standard. Statues iv Heidelback, Ickleheimer an' Company to be erected in Washington. Another Vanderbuilt weddin'. That sounds like goluf, but it ain't. Newport society livin' in Mrs. Potther Pammer's cellar. Green-goods men declare f'r honest money. Anson in foorth place some more. Pianny tuners f'r McKinley. Li Hung Chang smells a rat.

Abner McKinley supports the goold standard. Wait a minyit. Here it is: 'Goluf in gay attire.' Let me see. H'm. 'Foozled his approach,'—nasty thing. 'Topped th' ball.' 'Three up an' two to play.' Ah, here's the scoor. 'Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames —''

"Hol' on!" cried Mr. Hennessy, grabbing the paper out of his friend's hands. "That's thim that was there."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, decisively, "that 's th' goluf scoor."

In the Country
By
Hayden Caruth

IN THE COUNTRY*

BY HAYDEN CARUTH

WHEN, after ten years' exhortation, I induced my friend Chester Kent to decide to move to the country, I felt much gratified. We are old schoolmates, and our wives are devoted to each other. I had hoped the Kents would come to Jersey, where we live, but they decided, so Chet informed me, as we chanced to meet one day in an elevated train, on Westchester County. I told him if he needed any advice about rural matters that he must not hesitate to ask questions. My last charge to him as we parted was to write often. He said he would. He did.

I

Wednesday.

MY DEAR WILL.—We 're here at last, and though we're not much settled yet, I'm going to keep my promise to write. In fact, it is no more than your

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due, old fellow. We 're delighted with the place and feel that we 're going to be very happy here, and to you we owe all the thanks for getting out of that horrible flat and into the beautiful country. The house, we think, we shall like very much after we get a little acquainted with it. True, it seems to me I could have made it a bit more convenient if I had had the planning of it, but this may be only professional jealousy. But I must believe that you will agree with me that the architect's reason for placing the parlor between the kitchen and the dining-room is somewhat mysterious. There is a beautiful fireplace in the room which we shall use for a library, which is just the other side of the kitchen, and convenient to the well, clotheslines, grindstone, leach, and smoke-house. We think a great deal of this last-named — that is, Laura does. You know she rather objected to my smoking all over the house, and she says I 'm to put a window in the smoke-house and use it for a smoking-room, since we sha'n't have any hams to smoke till next fall. Perhaps even then, by using mild tobacco and a cob pipe, I can still use it, and smoke the hams and bacon beautifully at the

same time I do myself. Of course I shall get a flock of pigs.

The view from the veranda is delightful. Woods and hills, and a valley stretching away to the south. There is a quiet country road winding away down to the village, and a rather large open field in front of the house. I've not yet been able to explore the neighborhood much, owing to an awkward little accident when we first arrived, by which I hurt my ankle. You see, it's a Colonial house, and quite unspoiled by modern repairs, although it *was* touched up slightly during Washington's first term. But you scarcely notice this, so it remains a splendid example of the pure Colonial. As I walked into the parlor the first morning the end of one of the floor boards went down with me and I sank half-way into the cellar. You know what an efficient woman Laura is? Well, she seized the other end of the board, which had gone *up*, and pulled it down and stepped on it. Unfortunately, she had the long end, and *she* now went down and *I* up. We both kept our balance admirably, and had a pretty little game of see-saw. Finally, we both jumped off, and she escaped unhurt,

while the board went down endwise into the eighteenth-century depths below. I expect to be well in a day or two.

We've already got a flock of chickens — quite a large flock for an amateur, I fear. You see, three farmers came, each with a wagon-load of fowls, and I told one of them I would take his, they being white, and would therefore be decorative on the green grass; but there was a misunderstanding somehow, and the men all dumped their birds out by the barn, and they got hopelessly mixed up, so I had to take them all. I think there's about one hundred and ten of them, though they ran about a good deal when I counted them, and some of them had their heads down fighting rather ferociously. We expect quantities of eggs, as the hens are all said to lay like herrings.

I forgot to tell you the other day that I have a commission to plan twenty cottages at Hillkill-on-Hudson, and that I shall do most of the work at home, so as to get all the country possible. I can't hope to see you in the city much this summer, but you and Henrietta must come up when we get settled.

By Hayden Caruth

I have sent out a general alarm that I want to buy a cow. I hear that cows are very scarce, and I may not be able to get one, but shall do my best. Have also ordered some wood, and shall try the splendid old fireplace to-morrow if it 's chilly, as it bids fair to be. Got three eggs to-day.

Write to me and give me any advice which you think I may need. I realize that I don't know everything about country life. Laura sends love to Henrietta, and joins me in hoping that you will both come up to see us after we get things running smoothly.

Ever yours,

CHESTER.

II.

Friday.

MY DEAR BOY.— That old Colonial fireplace worked charmingly, only we in our benighted twentieth-century ignorance did n't know how to dispose ourselves. You see, the chimney is extraordinarily large, and Laura and I could easily have got up in it and sat in a hammock or something, where I am sure we should have been warm and comfortable,

and quite free from smoke. But we were so inexperienced as to stay in the room, where the smoke naturally came on its way to the windows. It was quite absurd of us, and we shall try the fireplace again when we get over coughing.

I find I am misinformed concerning the scarcity of cows. Yesterday morning I was awakened by hollow sounds, and on rising and looking out found no less than twelve men in the square in front, each holding a cow by a bit of rope. Up the road I saw a cloud of dust approaching, which later revealed a man on horseback driving a bevy of eight cows, three of them accompanied by small calves. The man's idea was to bring all he had and let me take my choice. I went out, but each man spoke so highly of his animal that I found it difficult to make a selection. The arrival of others only added to my perplexity. Finally Laura came out and settled the matter, very cleverly I thought. You know how artistic she is (she studied at the League, you remember), and she instantly said that she would n't tolerate a cow about the place which did n't have a crumpled horn. So I sent them all off, and waved back those that were

looming up in the distance, though the man with the regiment grumbled a good deal, saying that he had come ten miles, and that it was too far for a calf in arms to walk, anyhow, and that he 'd come mainly as an accommodation to me, hearing as how I wanted to get hold of a good cow, and cows being so tarnal skeerce. I finally gave him a dollar for his time. The men all said they would look up crumpled-horn cows, though they agreed in doubting if there was one in the county.

I am glad you told me that I ought to get more than three eggs a day from a hundred hens. I knew we needed more eggs, but I thought probably I ought to get more hens. I 've no doubt they 'll do better when they are settled. They cackle a good deal, which shows that their minds at least are on egg production. Your suggestion of china nest-eggs seems good, and I have ordered three dozen. One nest is undeveloped property, as a large terra-cotta colored hen stays on it all the time and growls if I approach her. She may be a regular trust, and have any number of eggs under her. If you know any legal way to oust her I wish you 'd tell me of it.

In the Country

We rather looked for a crumpled-horn cow this morning, but none came. I 'm half afraid we made a mistake in not taking a plain animal. Do you know any humane way to crumple a cow's horn? The only man who came this morning was one with a dog. I said, no, it was a cow I wanted. Yes, yes, he said, so he heard—good dog—glad I liked it. It finally developed that he was deaf as a post, seventy-six years old, and that he 'd walked all the way from Stamford, Connecticut, chiefly as an act of kindness to a new-comer; so I took the beast. Not pure bred, I fear, but decorative. We expected to have to advertise in the village paper for a cat, but somebody left a bagful of kittens on our veranda night before last, and two bagfuls last night, so we 'll have plenty when they grow up. Perhaps the owners lost them, and Laura thinks I ought to advertise them as estrays. Are kittens considered valuable chattels in the country? I hope that they are not taxed if these all stay.

Your suggestion that there was probably a board over the top of the chimney was good. There was. Poked it off with a fishpole, and shall try another

By Hayden Caruth

fire to-morrow. Three eggs yesterday; two to-day. One of the men I got the chickens from tells me they are moulting. Says that after a while they will "lay like fury." Laura boiled nest-eggs this morning by mistake. I'm afraid those nest-eggs do more harm than good. The hens go and look in the nests, and then turn round and cackle. They think it fools me, but it does n't. When are you coming up?

Ever yours,

CHESTER.

III

Tuesday.

DEAR WILL.—I'm glad for the sake of appearances that that board is off the chimney, but it does n't draw any better. This time, the smoke would n't even go out of the windows, but just wandered about the house and settled on things. Some of it actually went down cellar. The kittens all set up a terrible sneezing, and the dog (we have named him Rip Van Winkle) jumped through a window-pane. The smoke was so thick that I could n't see how Laura got out, but I think she followed Rip's example. There were two panes broken, anyhow. But it had one

good effect — Laura does n't say anything more about *my* smoking in the house.

I was n't going to tell you the sequel of this, not wanting to worry you and Henrietta, but I might as well, because you 'll have to know it sometime. The smoke was so bad, and my efforts to smother the fire with an armful of rhubarb leaves was so unsuccessful, that Laura and I struck out for the woods and went flower-hunting and bird's-nesting for a couple of hours. A passerby thought the house was on fire and ran to the village and gave the alarm.

Unfortunately, there 's a fire company with a new engine (or, rather, an old one which they have just got, with brakes which go up and down — genuine old Harry Howard machine), and they came out pell-mell and dropped their hose down the well and squirted absolute tons of water into the upper windows, while volunteers lugged out the furniture. You can imagine how gently they handled it, and how good it was for the things, especially the books and pictures, and my papers and plans. There was one ray of light, however — Rip stood by the family, and bit the foreman of the engine company and two of

By Hayden Caruth

the volunteers. Good doggie! I had to pay damages, of course, but I didn't think them excessive. You see, it will take us some days to get settled again, so don't come this week.

I must tell you about the cow. We've got one. When we awoke yesterday morning we saw three men outside the gate with a cow. She had a beautifully crumpled horn, and Laura peeped through the shutter and said she would do. I went right down and told them I would take her. Then I asked the price, and they said $75. I thought it pretty high, as none of the others had been above $40, but the men said — well, I won't inflict what they *said* on you, as it took an hour and a quarter, but it amounted to this, that she was the only crumpled-horn cow in Westchester County, and a great prize; that there were plenty of rich nabobs down around White Plains who would jump at the chance to give a hundred, only they (the present trio) had n't time to take her down, being so busy with spring planting, and this such fine growin' weather. So I paid the money, and they walked away quick and rather nervously, and I saw eight or ten other men come from

behind some trees down the road and join them. Then I realized that the whole crowd who came previously had formed a crumpled-horn cow syndicate, and were sharing in the profits. But I led her into the back yard, and Laura brought out her paints and began to sketch her. I shall put her into the front elevation of all the blue prints I make of those cottages, instead of the usual man with the garden hose.

Two eggs Saturday and nine to-day. I was startled when I first found the nine, thinking that somebody was trying to play a joke on us; then I remembered that owing to the excitement about the fire and the cow I had forgotten to gather them for three days, so the increase need alarm no one. Have hired a man to look after the stock, which now includes a pig. He's an honest Scandinavian, with blue eyes (the man is), and is large and decorative. Laura is going to sketch him. The pig squeals considerably, which makes the hens cackle. The country is less quiet than I have always been led to believe. That hen *was* sitting. I took her off forcibly, as you advised, but she was not the magnate I suspected. She had nothing but a white door-

knob, so I put her back. I can't see that she will hurt it. Besides, it is n't my knob. I think she brought it with her — under one wing, I suppose. The cow gave three pints of milk last night and two pints this morning. Do you suppose she, too, is moulting? Which do you advise that we make, butter or cheese? Don't you think that perhaps the cow has not yet arrived at her best age? Ole looked at her teeth and said she was more than fifteen. It seems that the dentological record of the cow ceases at fifteen. Come up next week. Laura sends love to Henrietta.

Ever yours,

CHET.

IV

MY DEAR WILL. — I write in great haste, and under most annoying conditions. There *were* swallows' nests in that chimney. Ole tried to swab them out from the top, and fell in, and came down head first, bringing along the nests and much mortar, and what I fear were highly improper remarks in his native tongue. When we built a fire the chimney drew magnificently. I piled on more wood. The blaze roared up the flue, and the draught threatened to draw Laura in. The next thing

we knew the whole upper part of the house was ablaze. The fire company refused to respond, having been fooled once, and the house was a total loss. Nothing left but the cellar, and that full of ashes. Saved all of our things of value, however. Now living in the barn. Kittens escaped and are with us. Rip got excited again and bit Ole, who has gone to his brother's, eight miles away, to get a gun. Laura bearing up well, and sketching cow — side view. Don't come next week. Remember us to Henrietta. Two eggs to-day.

Ever yours,

C.

V

[Telegram]

Saturday.

Ole returned. Shot at dog; hit cow. Barn just burned to ground; set by gun wad. Chickens and kittens escaped. Wire course usually pursued in country under present circumstances. One egg.

CHESTER.

When I received this last communication I saw my duty. I must go to him. I rushed away for New York,

and in an hour was at the station where I must take the train to reach Chet's place. Of course I just missed one train, and found I must wait an hour for another. I bethought me of Chet's office a few blocks away, and decided to go over and speak to his business partner. But I met, not the partner, but Chet himself, in jaunty summer suit, cool and unruffled.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "when did you get back?"

"We hav n't been away," he answered, calmly. "We changed our minds, and have stuck to the flat, except for one or two trips to Coney Island. Come over and have luncheon with us. I 'll telephone Laura."

"You heartless scoundrel! Then you made all those letters up, did you?"

"Certainly. One of the clerks who lives up there mailed them for me. I thought you 'd enjoy thinking we were having the usual happy experiences incident to a summer country place; but you go and get mad. I see myself trying to please you again!"

John Henry on
Butting-In
By
George V. Hobart

JOHN HENRY ON BUTTING-IN

BY GEORGE V. HOBART

OF course if a fellow has a lady friend that 's a dead swell looker he 's always anxious to grab her by the elbow and lead her in among the rest of the promenaders.

I 'm out to wager two or more seven-dollar bills that when it comes to face and form my lady friend has the rest of the bunch looking like the wall-flowers at a Choctaw cotillion.

She 's the flag from the starter.

She 's the only mirror on the mantelpiece—believe me!

I took her down the lane to one of those swell grub stations the other night and since then every time I think about it I feel like getting up and ordering myself out of the room.

Oh, scold me! scold me!

But I had to do it.

When a fellow is out buying his lady friend a

pleasant evening and he runs into a lot of low-foreheads he has to back up—that's all there is to it.

It goes against the grain to stand up and introduce my lady friend to every laborer in the four-flush vineyard who trails up to the table and gives me a glad look.

It does indeed.

Being somewhat of a money hater myself, of course I'm wise to enough pikers to fill a plowed field.

Just as sure as I stride into a fancy feed-store with nothing on my mind but a desire to act like a gentleman and buy hot cookies for the Best and Only I'm doomed to meet a bunch of saw-dust sports who want to leave their own tables and associate with me.

Of course they only do it just because they have elastic in their necks.

They expect an introduction to the Beautiful Girl and after getting it the've figured it out to hand her a line of conversation that will charm her to a standstill and make the Man she's With look like a dried apple.

And every mother's son of them talks like he'd been struck in the grammar by a ferryboat.

By George V. Hobart

Anyway, I took my lady friend to a sumptuous soup-house the other evening for dinner. I've just ordered four dollars' worth off the card and we 're sitting there in the hand-painted beanery chatting pleasantly and waiting for the longshoremen to journey back with the oysters.

Up to our table comes Abie Sluiceberger.

Abie has a great pull all along the line because the picture of an uncle of his hung in the Hall of Fame for nearly an hour before the janitor got onto it and threw it out.

Abie puts a hand on each corner of the table and leans over with all the grace peculiar to a soft shell crab.

"Hello, John Henry!" says Abie.

I bow and give him a Klondike grin, but he ducks and comes up happy.

"Eatin'?" inquires Abie.

"No, Abie," I answered, just to put him wise to the fact that a swift walkaway would do us all good, "no, we 're not eating. We just dropped in to play a few hands of bridge whist with the waiter and he 's gone to get a deck of cards. We never come into a

restaurant to eat. Usually we drop in during the rush hours and help the proprietor peel the oysters. On this occasion, however, we 're out for a dickens of a spree so we 've decided to play bridge with the waiter."

"Quit your joshin', John Henry!" says Abie; "You 're gettin' to be a worse kidder than Bill McConnell!"

Then Abie pushes a lovely smile over in the direction of my lady friend, but it does n't land because she 's busy behind the bill of fare.

After while Abie notices that it 's up to him to fondle a fierce frost, so he backs out.

"Who 's your friend?" inquires Clara Jane, after Abie has moseyed away.

Now, you know, a fellow can't confess to the Original Package of Sweetness that he 's entered in the same race with a lot of $3 goats.

On the level, now, can he?

It was my cue to make a Big Play.

I had to get gabby and make Clara Jane believe I associated only with Torrid Tamales.

And did I?

By George V. Hobart

Oh, ask me easy just to tease me!

"Who! that?" I says, after I fished for a few French-fried potatoes; "Why, that's Lord Hope."

My lady friend dropped her knife and fork and gave me the startled gaze.

I never whimpered.

Oh, scold me! scold me!

"Lord Hope," says she. "Why, John Henry, you never told me you knew Lord Hope!"

"Didn't I?" I says; "my, my, how thoughtless! Well, that's his Lordship all right, all right!"

Clara Jane thought a while, and I carved my initials on a sliver of celery.

"But you called him Abie!" says she, after a pause.

"Sure thing!" I says; "What else? Want me to call him Mose, or Rosey, or Meyer, or Ikey? He's not Irish."

"I can't imagine an English nobleman being called Abie," says my lady friend, for she's a first-rate Believer by nature, but a Doubter when the dice roll heavy.

John Henry on Butting-In

I was beginning to feel just about as happy as a hard-boiled egg, but I was in up to my neck and I could n't holler for help.

"Englishmen have queer names, especially noblemen. Say, won't you have a charlotte russe or an apple fritter? — It 'll do you good!" I says, hoping to swing the conversation close enough to the shore so that I could jump off and take to the timber.

But she would n't let go.

"Abie, Abie!" says my lady friend to herself; "Abie Hope! that sounds queer. *You* must know him pretty well to call him Abie?"

"Oh, yes, we went to school together," I says. "Would n't you like to bite into a portion of pie just by the way of no harm?"

"Why, John Henry!" says Clara Jane, giving me the glassy stare; "and you 've always told me you went to school in Communipaw!"

My finish was ringing the door-bell.

Just then Mike McGuire strolled into the neighborhood, and wanted to hang up his hat on my hook.

Mike is another Lad with a Feeble Forehead, and when he 's not pounding the pave in front of Booze

Bazaar, he's acting as second assistant engineer in a pool-room.

Once in a while Mike breaks into a theater and tries to act until some one catches him with the goods. Then he apologizes, backs out of his harness, and is up and away to the swamps.

"Good evening," says Mike, pushing out the familiar fist.

I'm right back at him with a short-arm nod of recognition, and in a minute I'm busy with my beans.

"Feedin', I see!" says Mike, wishing to show my lady friend that his powers of observation are strictly home-made.

I gave him a look that I figured would comb his hair, but he's out to make a deep impression on Clara Jane, so my haughty expression didn't finish one, two, three.

Before I can get back from the breakaway, I find him reciting the sad story of his life, and watching my lady friend to see if she enjoys light literature.

"Oh, yes," says McGuire, "I do so love the stage. I've been playing the Provinces for eighteen

weeks as Hotspur, the Boy Hero, in Ben Hur, and I was the hit of the show!"

Would n't that upset your box office?

Him the hit of the show!

Why, if applause was selling for two cents a ton, his ability could n't get a handful.

Two to one he was out doing the potato plantations with a No. 63 Unc. Tom's Cab. Co.

About all that guy could mix with is a parcel of Uncle Tommers.

Finally, after writing about four chapters, and getting his life lines crossed with George Washington, Manny Friend, John McCullough, and Tod Sloane, he begins to notice that the wind is blowing chill across the wild moor, so he signals the conductor and hops off the wagon.

"Who was that?" inquires my lady friend, as McGuire ambles back to his own table.

"That?" I says; "Oh! that was the Earl of Yarmouth."

Clara Jane handed me a swift glance, then she patted her hat pins and grabbed her gloves.

"Come along, John Henry," says she, "King

Edward will be here in a minute, and after what I've read about him I don't think I care to meet him. Let's go home."

She wins in a whiper.

It'll take three weeks to square myself.

Hereafter, me to Dennett's. Me to the stack o' wheats symposium where the rest of the entries stick to their stalls. Where the outside conversation is confined to "Draw one!" and "Boil two, meejum."

No more swell Sandwich Saloons for me, where the grafters want to butt in all the while.

Oh, scold me! scold me!

Mr. and Mrs. Dinkelspiel
Discuss Literary Matters
By
George V. Hobart

MR. AND MRS. DINKELSPIEL DISCUSS LITERARY MATTERS

BY GEORGE V. HOBART

LIDERATURE und milk dey vas a resemblance to each udder dese days because skience has discofered how to condensation dem both.

Some uf dem liberaries vere dey haf condensationed der history uf efery ding unter der sun into abouid fifty larche wolumes has a gread attractionment for me.

Ven der colt vinter efenings come, und der bloozard is making some blizzings mit der snow-storm on der ouidside, id pleasures me to tuk vun uf dem wolumes down und sid in my easiness chair. Dey vas chenerally so heavy dot id makes a goot oxcoos to drob dem on der floor und vent to sleep.

Vunce I bought vun uf dem circulation liberaries vare you pay fifty cents a day down und vun tollar a veek, und after you pay sigs tollars a month in two years id is yours uf you can find der receipts.

Der vun I bought on der distillment plan id is called "Men Vot Haf Made Famousness in der Vorld."

I vanted to see uf a friend uf mine by der name uf Soopnoodle vas inclusioned among der men vot haf made famousness, bud der mens vot authored der book oferlooked him.

Und Soopnoodle is such a famousness!

He is vun uf der men vot intentioned to help Chorge Dewey vin der baddle uf Manila, but he hat to stay home because he forgot to enlist in der navy.

Any vay, I decisioned to gif Katarina, vich she is my vedded vife, a liderary feastings, so I pud my pipe on der table und I set py her, "Katarina, draw your chair ub py der fireside uf der gas stofe und I vill make some readings to you auid uf our liberary."

"I vill be delightfulled!" set Katarina, moofing her chair arount so dot she could rest id on der cat py accident.

"Are you particulerity abouid vot period uf history I read abouid?" I set, gedding vun uf der wolumes down.

By George V. Hobart

"Nien," set Katarina; "bud I vould preferation dot der historicals is abouid Mrs. Binglespitz, vich she lifts next door. She began to take singing lessons on her voice a veek ago, und nobody knows vy her husband left her der next day."

"Vell," I set, "I doan'd dink Mrs. Binglespitz is mentioned in among der 'Men Vot Haf Made Famousness,' bud uf she is taking singing lessons on her voice I dink ve could find her husband's name in annuder liberary vich id is called 'Men Vot Haf Made Chackasses uf Demselfs py Marriageing.' Now, led us procedure mit der fairst name in der fairst wolume uf dis liberary vich ve haf. Der fairst name he is a fellow called Abelard. Dis Abelard he vas a Frenchman, und he is der only vun in der book vot beliefed dot Captain Dreyfuss vas nod as guilty as he looked."

"Could id be so?" set Katarina, showing gread oxcitement.

"Ja," I set; "dis fellow Abelard died before der udder Frenchmen built der factory vare dey made der secret dossiers und bordereaus und retty-made sissages, und dings like dot. Abelard he vas—"

Mr. and Mrs. Dinkelspiel Discuss Literary Matters

"Vait!" set Katarina; "is his name Heinrich Abelard? Vunce I knowed a family ofer on Fairst Afenue vich der name sounded somedings like dot. I dink vot his name vas Heinrich. Dey alvays mentioned him Heiney for shortness."

"Katarina," I set, "uf you blease, doan'd make craziness mit your head. Ve haf vent avay back to der year 1079, und at dot dime Fairst Afenue hat nod been discoferied py Chrisduffer Columpus before he vent to Ohio. Vell, led us resumption. Id is a pitiless story, der story abouid Abelard is, yes. Now, ad der dime I mention he—"

"Vait!" set Katarina; "vas he killed in der Spinnish var mit Hopson und Cheneral Eagan ad der baddle uf Sandy Dago?"

"To me id is a vunder how so much blank space vas efer crowded into such a leedle head vot you haf, Katarina!" I set, losing der end uf my temper vare I vas holding id. "Vot is der use to haf a fine liberary like dis locked ub in der bookcase ven you display so much ignoramussness? Abelard he vas nod a chentlemans, he vas a Frenchman vot luffed a voman mit a devouringness uf passion vich gafe him der indichestion

on account uf der vay his heart vent piddy-pad ven he made thinkings aboud der voman vot took his abbetite avay so dot he could nod sleeb ad night."

"Vell," set Katarina, "uf he kissed her, dare is der same similarities between him und Hopson, ain'd id?"

"For a voman uf your visdom you haf more foolishness den any vot I know, Katarina!" I set. "Now lisden py me und I vill relation der story uf Abelard py you, yet. Abelard he vas in luff mit a girl vich her front name vas Hellolouise. Abelard luffed Hellolouise, und Hellolouise luffed Abelard mit a vunderful devotionings. Vell, yust abouid dis dime id—'

"Dot name uf Hellolouise id is a familiarity to me," set Katarina. "I vunder vas she der young lady vot wisited mit der Goobledickers last summer? I alvays thought dare vas a sad story in dot girl's history."

"In order to make some appreciating uf a liberary uf dis kind, Katarina," I set, "id is fairst necesserary to obtain some sensefulness in your head to make unterstanting uf vot id is talking abouid. Uf you

blease, recollection dot. Vell, now, let us continuation. Come mit me pack to der year abouid 1100 und leave der Goobledickers vare are dey. Vell, ad der dime uf vich ve make mentionings der vorld id is full mit chenerations as yet unborn. Eferyding is in darkness. Der electricsissity light haf nod been inwented because der only man vot could make der inwention he nefer thought uf id. Der trolley cars vas nod running because dere vas no childrens playing in der streets to run into. Vell, unter such distressfulness circusstances as dis, Abelard met Hellolouise ouid valking vun day on der Bois de Bologney.

"'Guten Morgen!' set Abelard, raising his hat mit a politefulness.

"'Wie gehts!' set Hellolouise, also mit a politefulness.

"'I haf nefer hat der delightfulness uf meeting mit you pefore!' set Abelard, 'und I am oferchoyed to see you so unexpectantly!'

"Hellolouise blushed mit a rosiness.

"'Unter der circusstances,' set Abelard, 'I feel compulsory to ask you to be my vife, uf you blease!'

By George V. Hobart

"'Dis is so suttent,' set Hellolouise; 'und darefore I cannod make up my mind to refusal you!'

"Und so dey vas marriaged righd avay in abouid two or —"

"Vait!" set Katarina; "dit dey vent to Niakara Falls by deir vedding trib?"

"Ad der dime uf vich ve are sbeaking, Katarina," I set, "Niakara vas nod in der vedding-trib pitzness. Uf you vant to make craziness mit your thoughts, do so, yes! But doan't led your foolishness ged avay from you mit der vords vich you utility. Now remain silence und I vill remove more uf dis story from der history. Vell, after Abelard and Hellolouise dey vos marriaged —"

"Vas id a church vedding, und vot did she vear?" set Katarina.

"Vot is der difference did she vear welwet or chiffon ofer a pumpadoor shirt vaist?" I set. "Dot is yust like a voman. Der moment a man says a vord abouid a vedding der voman alvays says, 'Vot did she vear?' Vot a risdickillussness id is. Vell, anyhow, abouid der story. Ven Abelard und Hellolouise dey vas marriaged a chentlemans vich he vas a

scoundrel by birth und also der uncle uf Abelard he vent und separationed dese two luffers, und —"

"Vait!" set Katarina; "vas dis uncle a lawyer in Chicago?"

"Vot a luffly dime ve vould haf, Katarina," I set, "uf you vould only poison your thoughts und kill dem before you sbeak dem! Now, vy should you make such a question ad me?"

"Vell," set Katarina, "der only place I know vare peoples ged such a quick separationing from der marriage ceremonials is in Chicago."

"Some dime," I set, "ven you can tie a string arount der craziness vich is in your head, Katarina, and keeb id dare midouid sbeaking abouid id, ve vill resumption dis story. For der bresent I dink id viil be bedder to pud dis liberary back on der shelf so dot der dust vill haf a nice place to seddle. Und, uf you vill oxcoos me, I vill vent down to Soopnoodle's und play a cubble uf games uf pinochle."

Liderature is a splentit ding to haf a knowledge uf, bud sometimes a ignorance uf id makes less noise in der family, yes.

Dinkelspiel Explains
the Dreyfus Case
By
George V. Hobart

DINKELSPIEL EXPLAINS THE DREYFUS CASE

BY GEORGE V. HOBART

I HAF yust been gonversationing mit my vife, vich she is Katarina, abouid der tobics uf der day, vich she is nod familiaridy mit like me, yet.

Ach, Himmel! dem vimmens! dem vimmens! how dey vill make gonversationings mit der woices abouid dings dey doan'd know vot am I dalking abouid!

Vell, anyhow, Katarina she set py me, "Diederich, if you blease, make some exblaination ad me abouid der Driffus case vich id vas orichinally a natif uf France, und is now trafelling all ofer der vorld. Vy dit Driffus hit dot fellow Bordereau ofer der head mit a stuffed clup, und vy dit Driffus gif dot fellow Dossier some Chim Cheffries punches below der belt ven he vas nod looging?"

"Katarina," I set, "der vay you vas tvisted abouid dis madder is der vorst mixing ub vot I efer saw any vun raddled abouid. Der Driffus case id is

der mosd simblicidy case vot id is possibilidy to be. Id is so blain und so simblicidy dot efery man, vimmen, und children in der Union Sdades understants id in a different vay. Now, uf you blease, Katarina, made some attention ad me und I vill exblaination der whole madder:

"Vun day abouid seferal years ago Driffus, he vas valking down der Rue de Bologna und he med ub mit a fellow py der name uf Leedleneck Clams. Driffus he vas der Cabdain uf Combany A, National Guard uf der Sdade uf New Chersey, und Leedleneck Clams he vas der Fairst Lefftenem uf Combany B, National Guard uf der Sdade uf Merrylant. Dare alvays vas a gread rivalness bedween dem.

"'Wie gehts!' set Driffus to Leedleneck Clams; 'vill you choin me mit a absent frippy, vunce, yet?'

"'How dare you set vot you set to me?' set Lefftenem Leedleneck Clams, gedding ret in der front bart uf his face.

"'Vot dit I set vich I should not haf set ven I set id?' set Driffus, getting retty to fighd a duel.

"'You set, "Wie gehts!" sir, dot is vot you

set, und I belief dere is some treasonableness behind id,' set Leedleneck Clams. 'I haf a suspiciousness dot der vords vich you set dey vas Cherman, und I vill sbeak abouid id to a cubble uf goot liars vot I know, und perhaps ve can separation you from your chob, yes.'

"Den Lefftenem Leedleneck Clams valked off down der Rue, und Cabdain Driffus vent in Bauerschmidt's und took his absent frippy mit himself.

"In abouid two veeks a debudy cheriff valked ub to Cabdain Driffus, und he set: 'Oxcoos me, Cabdain, bud I vill haf to pinch you, yet. Come mit me down to der Cendral, uf you blease!'

"Der debudy cheriff he took Cabdain Driffus ub before der Sergeant. Der Sergeant his name vas Smeltzer. Smeltzer's fairst vife vas a cousin to der Poofnickles vot liff on Second Afenue.

"'You are guildy, Cabdain; vot dit you dit?' set der Sergeant.

"'I don'd know vot dit I dit, bud I vill pay der fine uf you neet der money,' set der Cabdain.

"Und yust den eighdy-nine Chenerals uf der Rekular Army und forty-sefen Colonels und der Min-

ster uf der Var und his whole family valked into der station house.

"'I vant to haf fair play here,' set der Minister uf der Var, 'und, darefore, I belief dis man to be guildy no madder vedder dit he dit anyding or nod. Uf you blease, Sergeant, sendence dis man to der resd uf his lifedime in chail. I haf an encagement to go ouid on der guff-links und blay some guff dis afdernoon, but perhabs abouid nexd Friday or Skitterday afdernoon I vill loog ofer der efidence to see how much is he guildy. Aus mit him! Aus mit him!'

"Und den der eighdy-nine Chenerals und der forty-sefen Colonels dey chumped ub in der air und dey cricked deir heels togedder, und dey set: 'Vive le France! To der dok-catchers mit Driffus! A bas Driffus a cubble uf dimes, also!'

"Und den Leedleneck Clams poked his head py der door in, und he set, 'Now vill you set "Wie gehts!" to me any more, alretty, ven I do nod comprehension vot id is you mean ven you set it?'

"Und den der Sergeant ad der Cendral he sendenced

By George V. Hobart

Cabdain Driffus to sbend der resd uf his nadural life-dime on an island in der South, vare der deifel geds his hot air to varm ub his recebtion-rooms.

"Vun day, afder Cabdain Driffus vas perspiration-ing for abouid seferal months on der island, vich der French borrowed from der deifel, der Minister uf der Var voke ub.

"'Ach, Himmel!' set der Minister uf der Var to der office boy; 'I haf made a awful misdake. Run ouid und dell der Chenerals uf der Army und der Colonels to come here righd avay qvick!'

"Zwei hunnert und fifdy-sefen Chenerals und drei t'ousand Colonels rushed ub der sdairs. 'Ach, Himmel!' set der Minister uf der Var, 'vot a misdake! Vot a awful misdake! Vot a awful misdake! Vot a misdake abouid Driffus!'

"'Vot id is?' set all der Chenerals und der Colonels.

"Der vet veepings vas running down der face uf der Minister uf der Var. 'How could ve haf made such a misdake?' he exclamationed. 'Id is awfulness! I vill never fergif you for doing vot I dit!'

"'Vich vay vill ve yell?' set one uf der Chenerals.

'Ve vant to make an a bas und ve doan'd know vich vay to make id.'

"'Ach, Himmel!' set der Minister uf der Var, 'chustice musd be done, even uf der heavens fall ouid. Ve haf mate a awful misdake; darefore, led us rectification id ad vunce. Ven ve sendenced Cabdain Driffus to his lifedime ve forgot to fine him anydings. He may haf money, berhaps. Ve haf oferlooked some bettings. Chustice, efen uf der heavens fall ouid! Led us pring him pack from der Deifel's Island und fine him a cubble uf million francs, uf he has id.'

"'Vive le France!' set der Chenerals und der Colonels, und den dey all rushed down py der dellygraff office und sent a collect message to Cabdain Driffus to come home on der nexd sdeamer, vich he dit.

"Und dare he is now down ad der Cendral before Sergeant Smeltzer und der Minister uf der Var, und all der Chenerals und der Coloneis dey are trying to proof dot he haf zwei hunnert und ninedeen tollars in a building und loan assisiation, vich dey need in deir pitzness."

"Vell," set Katarina, "dot is fery blain und sim-

blicity, bud vot dit Cabdain Driſſus dit ven he is nod guildy uf ditting id?"

Ach, Himmel! Vimmens is der deifel for sbeaking der foolish vords vich is in deir woices, ain'd id?

At the Opera
By
Billy Baxter
(William J. Kountz, Jr.)

AT THE OPERA

BY BILLY BAXTER

(William J. Kountz, Jr.)

I WAS over in New York with the family last winter and they made me go with them to "Die Walküre" at the Metropolitan Opera House. When I got the tickets I asked the man's advice as to the best location. He said that all true lovers of music occupied the dress circle and balconies, and that he had some good center dress circle seats at three bones per. Here's a tip, Jim. If the box man ever hands you that true lover game, just reach in through the little hole and soak him in the solar for me. It 's coming to him. I 'll give you my word of honor we were a quarter of a mile from the stage. We went up in an elevator, were shown to our seats, and who was right behind us but my old pal Bud Hathaway from Chicago. Bud had his two sisters with him, and he gave me one sad look which said plainer than words, "So you 're up against it too, eh!" We in-

troduced all hands around, and about nine o'clock the curtain went up. After we had waited fully ten minutes, out came a big, fat, greasy looking Dago with nothing on but a bear robe. He went over to the side of the stage, and sat down on a bum rock. It was plainly to be seen, even from my true lover's seat, that his bearlets was sorer than a dog about something. Presently in came a woman, and none of the true lovers seemed to know who she was. Some said it was Melba, others Nordica. Bud and I decided it was May Irwin. We were mistaken though, as Irwin has this woman lashed to the mast at any time or place. As soon as Mike the Dago espied the dame it was all off. He rushed, and drove a straight-arm jab, which had it reached would have given him the purse. But Shifty Sadie was n't there. She ducked, side stepped, and landed a clever half-arm hook which seemed to stun the big fellow. They clinched, and swayed back and forth, growling continually, while the orchestra played this trembly Eliza-crossing-the-ice music. Jim, I 'm not swelling this a bit. On the level it happened just as I write it. All of a sudden some one seemed to win. They broke away, and ran wildly to the front of the stage

with their arms outstretched, yelling to beat three of a kind. The band cut loose something fierce. The leader tore out about $9.00 worth of hair, and acted generally as though he had bats in his belfry. I thought sure the place would be pinched. It reminded me of Thirsty Thornton's dance hall out in Merrill, Wisconsin, when The Silent Swede used to start a general survival of the fittest, every time Mamie the Mink danced twice in succession with the young fellow from Albany, whose father owned the big mill up Rough River. Of course this audience was perfectly orderly and showed no intention whatever of cutting in, and there were no chairs, or glasses in the air, but I am forced to admit that the opera had Thornton's faded for noise. I asked Bud what the trouble was, and he answered that I could search him. The audience apparently went wild. Everybody said "Simply sublime!" "Isn't it grand?" "Perfectly superb!" "Bravo!" etc.; not because they really enjoyed it, but merely because they thought it was the proper thing to do. After that for three solid hours Rough House Mike and Shifty Sadie seemed to be apologizing to the audience for their disgraceful street brawl, which was honestly the only

good thing in the show. Along about twelve o'clock I thought I would talk over old times with Bud, but when I turned his way I found my tried and trusty comrade "Asleep at the Switch."

At the finish the woman next to me who seemed to be on, said that the main lady was dying. After it was too late, Mike seemed kind of sorry. He must have given her the knife, or the drops, because there was n't a minute that he could look in on her according to the rules. He laid her out on the bum rock, they set off a lot of red fire for some unknown reason, and the curtain dropped at 12:25. Never again for my money. Far be it from me knocking, but any time I want noise I 'll take to a boiler shop, or a Union Station where I can understand what 's coming off. I 'm for a good mother show. Do you remember "The White Slave," Jim? Well, that's me. Was n't it immense where the main lady spurned the leering villain's gold and exclaimed, with flashing eye, "Rags are royal raiment, when worn for virtue's sake!" Great! "The White Slave" has "Die Walküre" beaten to a pulp, and they don't get to you for three cases gate money either.

In Love

By

Billy Baxter

(William J. Kountz, Jr.)

IN LOVE

BY BILLY BAXTER

(William J. Kountz, Jr.)

PITTSBURG, PA., May 1, 1899.

DEAR JIM:—So you want to know how a fellow is going to tell positively when he is stuck on a girl, do you? Well, I 'll tell you, and I 'll tell you mighty quick. If some guy cuts in on your steady, you are going out to her home, and you are going to call her fine and plenty, are n't you? And unless she promises to bump the other fellow, you are going to leave her in a rage, are n't you? *Now, if you go back without being sent for, you 're it.*

. . . . .

I have often thought I would land a girl with coin, blow business, and sit around for a while. It would be great to have your own hearthstone, with a couple of registered St. Bernard's lying around, and here and there a golden-haired darling romping and playing with a bottle of paregoric. But somehow or

other I always fall down. Now, take that Katherine Clark, who has been visiting the Hemingway's for the past month. When she first came, I said to myself, "Billy, my boy, here 's your chance; break in and cop out an heiress." So I sicked myself on to her. Well, you know I 'm not a piker. I went after her right. Eats, drinks, shows, and all the expensive things. I touched Johnny Black's brother-in-law for fifty, and gave an informal luncheon that was a pippin. I wore my New York Central shirt with the four stripes, and we had wine with cobwebs. There was n't a thing served that any one could pronounce, and Johnny Black got loaded, and told us on the quiet why his sister had left her husband. I insulted Johnny by making some remark about his joining the Tell Club, and altogether everything was a big success. The check came to $44.60, and I flashed Johnny's brother-in-law's fifty. When the waiter brought the five-forty change, I waved him away as though the Standard Oil Company was the smallest thing I owned. The tip was out that old man Clark was black with money, and if it 's so, I know why. He is tight-ribbed and popcorn. Down

By Billy Baxter

in George's Place the other day I asked the old man what he was going to drink, and he said he would rather have the money. And say, he gave me a cigar that looked as though it had some skin trouble, and smelled like some one was shoeing a horse. However, a fellow does n't *always* have to live with the bride's parents. Jim, this girl was a dream. Tailor-made, cloak-model form, city-broke, kind and sound. She could just naturally beat the works out of a piano; and talk about your swell valves. Why, the other night she sang "A Sailor's Life 's the Life or Me" so realistically that Johnny Black got seasick.